LOOKING FORWARD

To a sincere Prohibitionist all alcoholic beverages are abhorrent and the product of the devil. Men like Canon Chase find them so repugnant that they can even quarrel with the plain facts of history, devoting their time to proving that such beverages did not exist before 1200 A.D.; so that the wine and strong drink of the Bible can be accepted without injury to the Prohibitionist interpretation of Christianity.

Holding such strong prejudices as these, it is no wonder that the genuine Prohibitionist has never had much use for temperance, conceding it as a mere compromise with Satan. It is also no wonder that with his heart set on the goal of absolute teetotalism and resolutely discarding the law of spiritual progress in favor of legal coercion, this same Prohibitionist should have withdrawn whatever support he might previously have given to temperance when the Volstead Act made teetotalism the law of the land.

As a matter of record, all attempts at temperance went out of the window in this country when Volsteadism knocked at the front door. Moderate drinking of beer and wine was replaced by intemperate use of poor gin and whisky, and these beverages have only recently come back into favor through the improved method of home brew and individual wine and grape juice making. In the main, the ignorant and vicious use of alcohol, particularly by youth, was one of the most unfortunate results of Prohibition.

For this reason, it behooves a genuine anti-Prohibitionist who sees repeal coming, to begin consideration now of what methods should be adopted to introduce into this country a cultured and intelligent attitude toward the proper use of alcoholic beverages, and a realization of the minor place they occupy in the life of the rounded, mature person. Real hope for intelligent temperance lies only in the house of its friends. The Prohibitionist has proved that he is merely its enemy. What group of anti-Prohibitionists will begin now to consider the necessary steps?

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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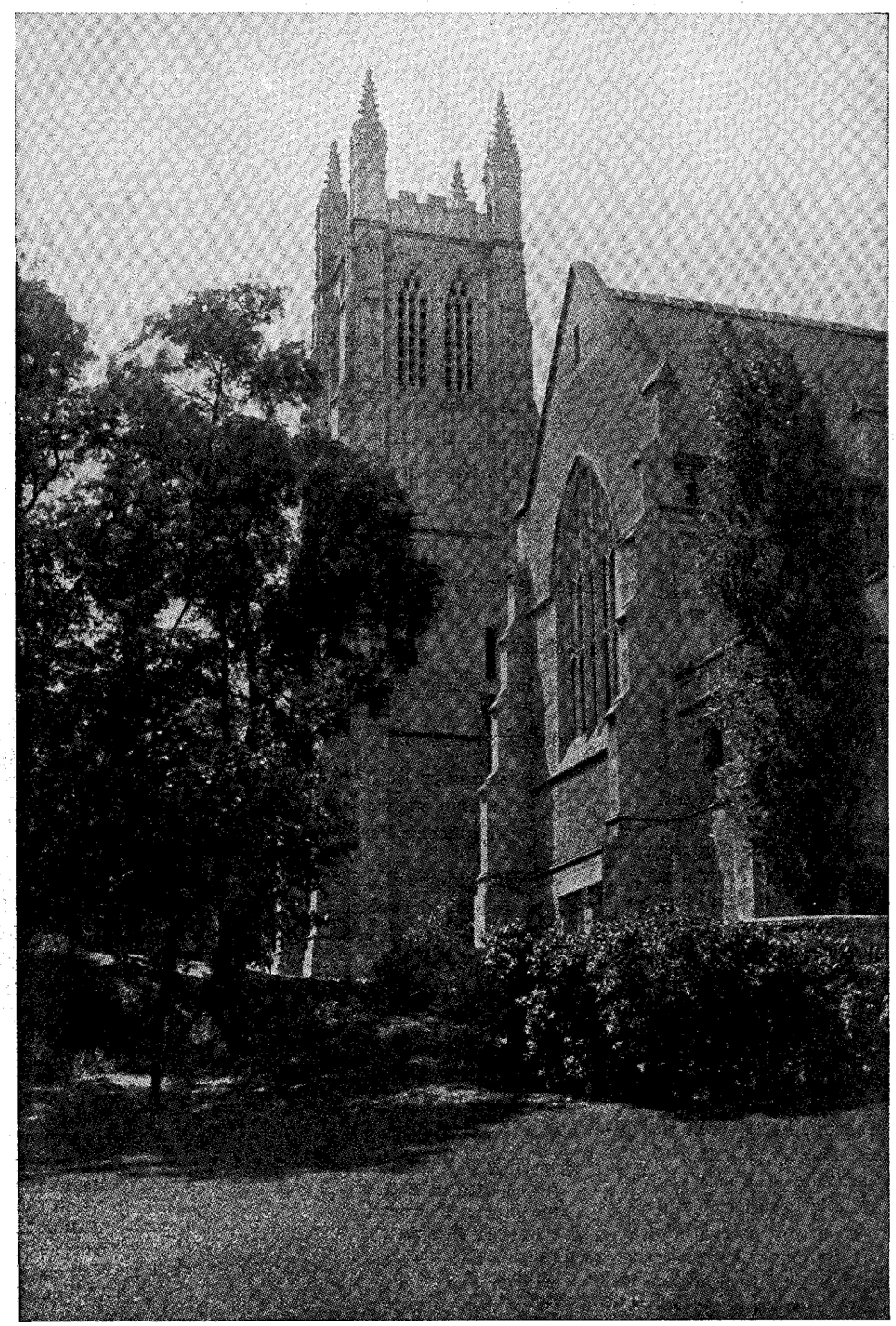

Chapel at Williams College

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OUTLOOK
and Independent
October 8, 1930

Summer Sewing Circle

The Decline of Williamstown

By WILLIAM LOEB, JR.

The Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Mass., should stimulate intelligent interest in international relations. For many years it did so. Mr. Loeb asserts that it is failing in its important function. Its speakers are badly chosen. The door to propaganda has been opened. The men and women who attend have no background, and no real interest in the proceedings. The Institute has become a glorified summer school, a sewing circle.

VERY often an institution is founded for so commendable a purpose and in accordance with so lofty an ideal that the aurora which surrounded its inception later obscures the lamentable defects in its actual operation. These defects can entirely destroy the effectiveness of the organization. Such is the case of the Williamstown Institute of Politics.

Williamstown in August is a pleasant spot. Scenically it is as suitable a home for the Institute of Politics as Geneva is for the League of Nations. Situated in the center of a peaceful Massachusetts valley among the comfortably sized Berkshire Hills it presents a cool but gracious welcome to the three hundred odd members of the Institute.

Remote as Williamstown is physically from the busy haunts of men, culturally it is quite connected with the rest of the world through the medium of Williams College which was founded there in 1793 by that industrious Indian fighter, Ephriam Williams.

The buildings of Williams College furnish meeting places for the Institute whose members are likewise housed in monkish simplicity in the college dormitories which for nine months of the year house boisterous undergraduates. Escape from the heat and the rural simplicity are sufficient attraction for many, but Williamstown further offers to the physically ambitious vacationist the attractions of a miniature Switzerland and presents a dozen minor mountain peaks that may be scaled. Likewise to the social acrobat, a large summer colony offers a wide field of opportunity for further exercise.

Aside from the actual tangible allurements of Williamstown, such as the quaint brick buildings of the college, there is an air about the place that perfects it as a setting for the Institute of Politics. Williamstown still holds about itself the last shreds of the Puritan mantle and a remnant of the righteous aloofness of the abolitionist Boston of the 1860's. This quality, combined with the almost morbid interest in truth and light with which the late Mr. Emerson so inoculated Massachusetts, makes this New England village a perfect place for the detached examination of the international problems that vex this world.

FOUNDED in 1920 through the generosity of that Wilsonian disciple, Bernard M. Baruch, the Institute of Politics has for ten years been conducted under the chairmanship of Dr. Harry A. Garfield, president of Williams College. Dr. Walter W. McClaren, a professor of economics at the college, acts as executive secretary of the Institute.

Since its early rather glorious days when Lord Bryce graced the gatherings with his presence, the Institute has been continued for the avowed purpose of conducting open and impartial discussions of international questions in order that such problems may be clarified and a general betterment of international understanding and cooperation result. Each year approximately three hundred people come to Williamstown from all parts of the United States, and from many foreign countries, and spend the month of August discussing subjects of international interest.

The topics are considered through the medium of three types of meetings. There are generally eight roundtable conferences which meet three times a week. At these, as the name implies, after an opening address by the roundtable leader, discussion is carried on in an informal manner by the members of that conference. Another way certain subjects are handled is by one or more general conferences which all the members of the Institute may attend and at which it is the custom to have speakers representing both sides address the Institute under the guidance of a chairman. Lastly, there are the evening lectures at which illustrious visitors deliver formal addresses to a large gathering of Institute members and the general public.

With this brief description of the Institute, its setting and its function, it is possible to turn immediately to a consideration of what is wrong with the Williamstown conference. The bill of indictment against the administrators of the Institute is a long one. But separating many minor faults we find three

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West College, Williams

main counts:—a disregard of impartiality which results in many conferences where but one side of a question is represented, a complete departure from the principle avowed originally of limiting the membership of the Institute to only those people whose background and abilities fitted them to make contributions to the discussions, a lack of discrimination in choosing speakers and roundtable leaders which has resulted in the introduction to the Institute of many propagandists and speakers whose closed minds and emotional bias utterly unfitted them to conduct enlightening discussion.

It is perhaps best to take the charges up in the order in which they have just been stated, especially since the first count of a lack of impartiality and fair play strikes at the very root of the Institute's usefulness. This aspect of the Institute forced itself on every one's attention when the opening conference on "Russia, Her Foreign and Domestic Problems" was turned over to that arch publicity man, Ivy Lee. Mr. Ivy Lee was not only chosen as chairman of the conference but also apparently given free reign in his choice of speakers, who with the exception of Paul Scheffer, formerly Moscow correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, each and all spoke in favor of recognition of Russia and in praise of the present internal condition of Russia. The speakers included such men as Colonel Hugh Cooper, who is building a large hydro-electric station on the Dnieper River, Harold Kellock of the Soviet Information Bureau in Washington, Peter Bogdanov, head of the Amtorg Trading Company, Paul D. Cravath, representative of the large financial interests in New York City which favor friendly relations between the United States and Russia as a spur to Russo-American trade relations.

Thus the program which the Institute officials allowed Mr. Lee most obligingly to draw up contained nine speakers in favor of Mr. Lee's viewpoint, and one against it. Incidentally even the printed programs came directly from Mr. Lee's office as did the manuscripts of several of the speakers. In addition to the selection of speakers, the Institute officers allowed Mr. Lee to preside as chairman and control all discussion. The foreseen result of course occurred. Whenever possible Mr. Lee used his position as chairman to belittle statements by Mr. Scheffer or the few opposition speakers who gained the floor in the few moments left for discussion at the end of each meeting.

Aside from the exhibited lack of fair play, the uselessness of such a conference is evident. For two days members of the Institute were given the treat of seeing the smoothest publicity machine in the world at work. Otherwise they learned nothing that could safely be classified as fact. Even originality was lacking in that Mr. Bogdanov made again the same threats of the cessation of Russian trade which had been plastered over the front of every newspaper in the United States during the previous week under the quizzing of the Fish Committee. Mr. Lee did not even give as good a presentation of his case as contained in his book on Russia, written a few years earlier. It was all propaganda, and stale propaganda at that. It is quite difficult to see how a conference on Russia conducted by Mr. Lee could ever be considered as an impartial discussion of international affairs or in any way lead to the truth of a much vexed question. But at any rate Mr. Lee was happy. Even before the Institute came to its close, prominent business men in the United States received with Mr. Lee's compliments nicely printed accounts of the conference on Russia with the emphasis on the fact that this disinterested body favored recognition of Russia. It seems incredible that the officers of the Institute should be so naïve as not to realize that Mr. Lee would use the Institute simply as a publicity mouthpiece to further the business interests of his clients.

The criticisms of the two other general conferences, on Latin American affairs and India, contain many of the charges made against the Russian conference. At the South American discussion almost all the speakers supported the course of the United States in intervening in Latin America. Speakers from the State Department and Wall Street interests were given ample opportunity to defend the policy of the United States while the only scheduled speaker on the other side was Professor J. W. Garner of the University of Illinois. Eventually,

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because they chanced to be present at the Institute of Politics, William English Walling and Mrs. Helena Hill Weed spoke briefly against intervention.

Aside from the preponderance of speakers on one side, there was Henry Kittredge Norton, chairman of this conference, who attempted to emulate Mr. Lee. Unfortunately his methods lacked finesse, but they embarrassed the opposition speakers. He was adept at making sarcastic and slighting remarks about Professor Garner's, Mr. Walling's, and Mrs. Weed's assertions after they had left the platform and were no longer in a position to answer him.

THE final conference on India was the same story repeated, with a slightly more dramatic setting. This time the chairman was Lord Meston, former lieutenant governor of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. Lord Meston belongs to the old die-hard class of British satraps who look on India as rightly and inevitably England's, as much so as the primroses of Devonshire. Empire builders of his type are utterly unfitted to conduct an unprejudiced and impartial discussion on India and Nationalism. One might just as well get Mahatma Gandhi; neither can see the situation disinterestedly.

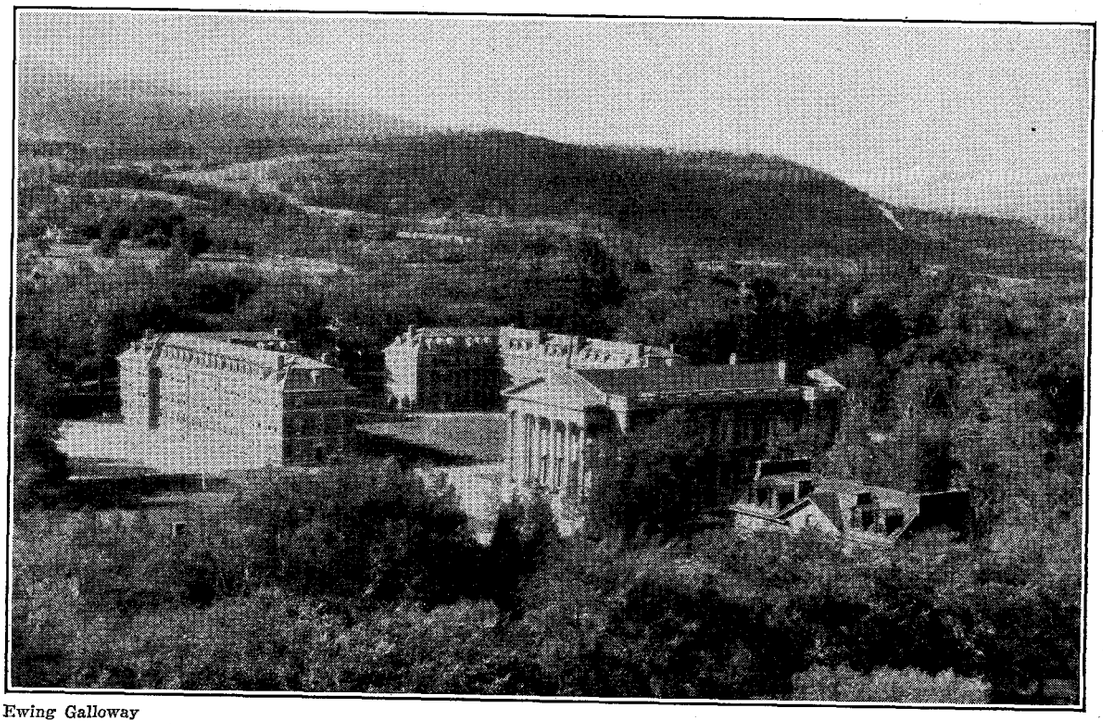
The Indian section was handled badly from the outset of the month when Lord Meston was allowed to deliver a series of lectures on India and Nationalism in which he of course damned Gandhi and his cause consistently. Coming thus to the end of the month with his side of the question already strongly set forth, Lord Meston conducted, during the last three days of the session, a general conference on India. As chairman he did most of the things his predecessors had done and a few in addition, adequately completing the demonstration of how absurd it is to have a presiding officer a party to the argument. Lord Meston was more fair in matching the number of speakers until the last day when the odds were five to one in his favor. Throughout, he managed to curtail and disparage remarks from the floor not in accord with his view. During the last day his methods became most autocratic and when he refused Richard Gregg, friend of Gandhi, two minutes in which to answer a two hour pro-British tirade, the audience groaned its displeasure. The newspaper men had all walked out some few minutes before this when Lord Meston introduced a current events lecturer whose ignorance of Indian conditions was apparently vast and whose only reason for being allowed to speak was that he favored Lord Meston's contentions.

VERY naturally methods such as displayed in these three conferences do not clarify international problems nor aid any one in search of the truth. Their net result is to disgust the people who are interested in a serious consideration of international subjects and cause them never to return to the Institute.

As regards the type of speakers much has already been made clear in the course of the description of the three conferences. The main criticism is that there are too many propagandists included in the program. Certainly it does not require unusual perception to discover the aims of men such as Ivy Lee and Lord Meston. Neither does it seem sensible to select, year after year, an admiral to conduct the roundtable on naval limitation. No matter how intelligent an admiral, it is beyond his capacity, because of his training and profession, to look at the question from an unprejudiced standpoint. Impartial and fair roundtables and conferences can be a reality, as witness the one conducted by Professor George H. Blakeslee of Clark University on the Far Eastern Situation. Amid the controversies of a heated nature that raged around the Japanese question and China Nationalist Party, he never failed to have both sides of the question represented and in presiding over the general conference no one could have told which side he favored, so impartial was his treatment. The result was that a very enlightening discussion of the Far Eastern situation took place, and this was the best attended and most popular table at the Institute. Almost as popular as Professor Blakeslee's or perhaps equally so, was the roundtable of Professor C. De Lisle Burns of Glasgow University on Western Civilization. This being a non-controversial subject, it is hardly as good an example of the possibility of impartiality in dealing with a debated topic. Much of the popularity of this table was, however, derived from the disinterested and unprejudiced fashion in which the subject was handled.

It is, of course, obvious that all sides of a question should have equal oppor-

(Please Turn to Page 237)



Ewing Galloway

Williams College lies nestled in a peaceful Massachusetts valley, among the Berkshire Hills

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The God of War Enlists

By CHARLES MERZ

In the second chapter of the Dry Decade, Mr. Merz traces the controversy of prohibition into the War period. The cause made swift progress. Congress passed the amendment resolution.

THE War did three things for prohibition. It centralized authority in Washington; it stressed the importance of saving food; and it outlawed all things German.

The first of these three changes was inevitable. In rapid succession, under pressure of the War, laws were adopted authorizing the government to do things which it had never done when the country was at peace: seize railways, requisition factories, take over mines, fix prices, put an embargo on exports, commandeer ships and punish careless use of fuel. For any suddenness, any boldness and any severity involved in the adoption of a national prohibition law, a dozen persuasive precedents had been established before the War was three months old.

In the second place, it was clear from the start that food was an important factor in the War and that great quantities of food could be saved if an end were put to brewing and distilling. This point was promptly emphasized by the friends of prohibition. When the time came to enact the Food Control bill, the drys in Congress seized upon the unanswerable statistics of the use of grain for alcoholic liquors and wrote into this law a provision (Section 15) forbidding the manufacture of distilled spirits from any form of foodstuffs. By a happy coincidence this action was taken two days before the Senate was called upon to debate the merits of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Finally, the War disclosed the close association between the brewers' trade and many men with German sympathies. This fact the friends of prohibition were prompt in pointing out. Time and again the brewers were denounced not only as enemies of temperance but as enemies of peace.

"The liquor traffic aids those forces in our country," insisted Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler, "whose loyalty is called into question at this hour. The liquor traffic is the strong financial supporter of the German-American Alliance. The purpose of this Alliance is to secure German solidarity for the promotion of German ideals and German Kultur and oppose any restriction or prohibition of the liquor traffic. Its leaders urge its members to vote only for those who stand for Germanism and oppose prohibition[1]." It was a happy combination, for men who shared Mr. Wheeler's interest in the enactment of new legislation.

WITH its new prestige as a war measure added to the earlier gains which it had made while the nation was at peace, prohibition came into Congress three months after the declaration of war, in the form of Senator Sheppard's resolution to add an amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

This resolution was not the Eighteenth Amendment as we know it now, but a shorter and simpler amendment consisting of two sections: one prohibiting the "manufacture, sale or transportation" of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, the other granting Congress "power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation[2]." This second article reserved for the states their right "to enact and enforce laws prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquors," but said nothing on a point which has subsequently become the subject of endless controversy: namely, the question of "concurrent" power for the states. The word "concurrent" was not mentioned.

In this simpler form the Amendment was brought before the Senate on July 30th, debated for three hours on that day, four hours on the next and six hours the day following. On both sides the argument consisted chiefly of a repetition of the familiar disagreements which had sustained this controversy for three decades, but with one striking difference in the present case. The War had brought a new and powerful argument to the cause of prohibition. The friends of prohibition made the most of it.

Figures were cited to prove that prohibition would release large numbers of men for the army, for shipbuilding and munitions work. Why should the country permit workmen to be employed in the useless manufacture of intoxicating liquor, asked Mr. Kenyon of Iowa, "when there is a shortage of labor in the important and necessary work to carry on the War[3]"?

More figures were cited to show that by shutting off grain from the breweries and distillers, the country would save the equivalent of 11,000,000 loaves of bread a day—"enough to supply the bread needs of the English, French, and Italian armies," Congress was told, "counting the bread ration at a little less than one pound a day per soldier[4]." Why should Congress hesitate to act, asked Mr. Thompson of Kansas, when by adopting the Amendment it could "contribute more to the final success and victory in the present war" than by any other action it could take[5]?

Whether such arguments as these changed any votes on the floor of the Senate, or whether the die was cast before the debate began, it is impossible to say. In either case, most of the debate was devoted not to the question of prohibition, but to the question of the precise form in which the proposed Amendment should be worded. Five attempts were made to alter the language of the Amendment. The first four failed. The fifth succeeded. This was the proposal made by Mr. Harding of Ohio to put a time-limit of six years on the process of ratification by the states.

A few of the friends of prohibition, including Mr. Borah, suspected the motive behind this plan and vigorously denounced it[6]. Other drys, however, were willing to accept the proposal, not because they wanted it but because it seemed to them a necessary compromise. Mr. Jones of Washington frankly admitted that without a time-limit there was grave danger of the whole Amendment being voted down. "A very careful investigation has convinced some of us that a two-thirds vote is very uncertain unless this limitation is put on[7]." This argument proved to be decisive. With most of the drys rallying to its support, Mr. Harding's proposal was accepted.

Ten minutes later came the final test. By the top-heavy vote of 65 to 20 the Senate adopted the Amendment and the battle shifted to the House.

There occurred at this point an inter-

1. *New York Times*, November 9, 1917.

2. *Congressional Record*, 65th Congress, 1st Session, p. 5548.

3. *Congressional Record*, 65th Congress, 1st Session, p. 5639.
4. *Congressional Record*, 65th Congress, 1st Session, p. 5655.
5. *Congressional Record*, 65th Congress, 1st Session, p. 5619.
6. *Congressional Record*, 65th Congress, 1st Session, pp. 5649-50.
7. *Congressional Record*, 65th Congress, 1st Session, p. 5658.

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lude of four and a half months, during part of which time Congress stood adjourned. Meantime the House Committee on the Judiciary had made certain interesting changes in the resolution. The six years proposed as a time-limit on ratification in the Senate draft was changed to seven; a new provision was added giving the brewers a year of grace before the Amendment took effect; the word "concurrent" made its appearance for the first time in a new section which declared: "The Congress and the several states shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

The first two of these three changes can be explained by what Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler later called "a trade in jackknives[8]." The wets had asked for the year of grace; the drys consented on condition that the six-year limit for ratification be raised to seven.

The third change, however, is not so easily explained. Casually, and without seeming to recognize that it was sowing the seeds of a bitter controversy, the Judiciary Committee brought before the House that section of the Eighteenth Amendment which gives the states "concurrent" power to enforce. As casually as its committee had proposed the plan, the House adopted it—without bothering to debate the question even for five minutes.

For this alacrity it is not difficult to find an explanation. Here was a proposal whch seemed somehow to involve the states in the problem of enforcing the Amendment. Any proposal directed toward this end, promising to relieve Congress of a heavy burden, was obviously welcome to the House. As the chairman of the Judiciary Committee said: "We do not want ten thousand Federal officers, with all the expense of salaries, going over the country enforcing these laws when the states have their own officers to do so and are willing to do so[9]."

The House whole-heartedly agreed. But whether all forty-eight states would actually prove to be "willing to do so" and what would happen if they were not willing and whether Congress, in this case, was prepared to shoulder the entire burden of enforcement, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee did not explain. The House asked him no questions.

8. *New York Times*, March 31, 1926.
9. *Congressional Record*, 65th Congress, 2nd Session, p. 424.

As in the Senate's case, debate on the whole question of the Amendment occupied less time than the House frequently devotes to a revenue measure or a public buildings bill. The Senate had given the resolution part of three days' time. The House encompassed it at a single session beginning at eleven in the morning and lasting until six at night.

Much of the debate, as in the Senate's case, rehearsed familiar arguments. Much of it stressed the importance of national prohibition as a contribution to the winning of the War—"striking the mightiest blow possible at the Prussian idea," as Mr. Kelly of Pennsylvania put it[10]—though it seemed clear that the Amendment could not take effect until the states had ratified it and the brewers had received their year of grace, a process which was not likely to be completed until the War was over and the nation was again at peace.

Wide World

MORRIS SHEPPARD OF TEXAS

Nevertheless, it was inevitable that the War should be discussed and that it should arm with a fresh argument those members of the House who were convinced that prohibition was sound policy. The opponents of the Amendment derived no similar comfort from the War. They had only the case which they had argued many times before and the conviction that prohibition could not be made successful in the communities they represented. These communities were for the most part cities in the North. But in their opposition to the Amendment the spokesmen of these cities were joined by a small company of old-fashioned Democrats, personally dry, from the dry South.

10. *Congressional Record*, 65th Congress, 2nd Session, p. 438.

It was Mr. Small of North Carolina who insisted that his own state, believing in states' rights, could not consistently claim the right to establish a standard for other states[11] and Mr. Slayden of Texas who warned the House that it ought not to place a contentious question in the Constitution where any change was subject to the veto of one-quarter of the states[12]. But the sharpest attack on the Amendment and the clearest statement of the traditional southern point of view came from a gentleman no longer identified with this side of the question—Mr. Heflin of Alabama.

> Describing himself as a dry whose devotion was proved by years of service, Mr. Heflin raised the question of whether it would actually help the cause of prohibition to impose this law upon states which were unwilling to accept it of their own volition. "The question is: Will we be patient enough and tolerant enough to accord to other states the right to settle the whisky question as we ourselves settled it through the rights and powers reserved to the states? Gentlemen, are we willing to take away from the state that sovereign power without whose exercise we would not now have prohibition in any state in the Union, and, in taking that power away, surrender forever the right and power of the state to control its own domestic affairs[13]?"

The House voted, a few hours later. By a majority of 282 to 126 it overrode the last defenders of the dying theory of states' rights and adopted the Amendment.

It is one of the anomalies of the story of prohibition that those sections of the country which were ultimately to show themselves most bitterly opposed to this decision paid least attention to it at the time that it was reached.

This was a moment of triumph for the drys. The wets seem scarcely to have observed their own defeat. It is difficult to find any trace of organized protest against the Eighteenth Amendment either during 1917, when Congress was

11. *Congressional Record*, 65th Congress, 2nd Session, p. 434.
12. *Congressional Record*, 65th Congress, 2nd Session, p. 439.
13. *Congressional Record*, 65th Congress, 2nd Session, pp. 457-8.

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debating it, or for some time thereafter.

No memorials were adopted by the state legislatures petitioning Congress to change its mind. No demonstrations of hostility took place in the wet centers of the country. The press of the larger cities reflects small interest in the question, either in its letter columns or its news. During the whole period of four months which intervened between action by the Senate and action by the House, when it might have been expected that the opponents of this change would do their best to block action or delay it, the columns of the New York *Times* reveal only eight brief items of news concerned with the Amendment and a single letter of protest from an indignant reader[14].

The obvious explanation of this lack of interest lies in the fact that at this time a still larger story absorbed the interest of the nation.

On June 12, 1917, when the Judiciary Committee of the Senate favorably reported the Eighteenth Amendment and the *Times* was recording this news on page 13, the first American troops were on their way to France, the Italians had launched their offensive on the Trentino and the British were attacking south of Ypres.

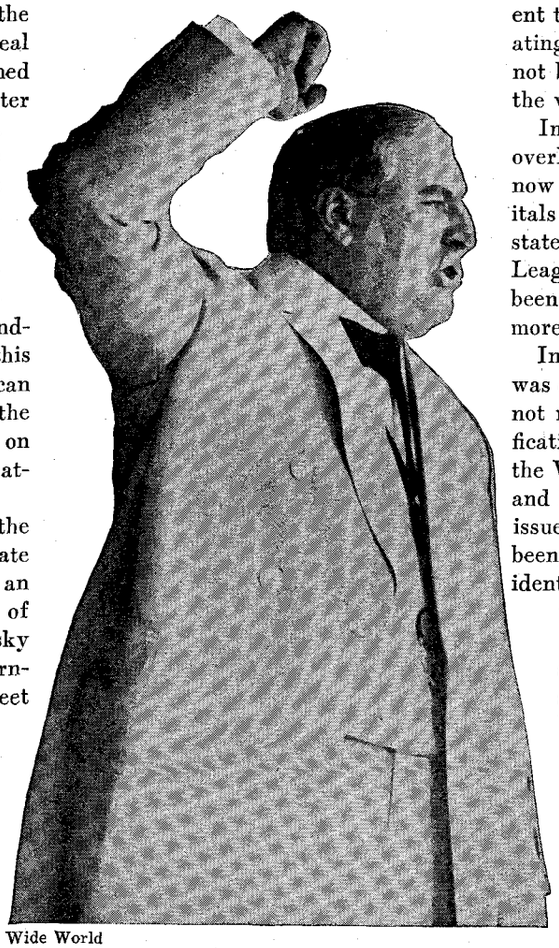
On July 31, when debate on the Amendment had begun in the Senate and the *Times* found a place for it in an inside column on page 5, the Battle of Flanders was in progress, Kerensky was experimenting with a new government in Russia and the German fleet had mutinied at Wilhelmshaven.

In August, September, October and November, while the Sheppard resolution was marking time after its adoption by the Senate, the French were attacking at Verdun, a British army was marching into Palestine, the Germans were in retreat from the Chemin des Dames, the Austrians were driving into Italy, the Bolsheviki were overthrowing the Kerensky government in Russia, the second Liberty Loan was being raised in the United States and the first American troops had faced the fire of German guns in France.

Certainly in these circumstances it would have been idle to expect the American public to keep alive and clearly focused its interest even in so large a question as national prohibition.

The War not only shifted the attention of the American public away from prohibition. The intensity of public interest in the War permitted those Americans who were opposed to action on this question to believe in some vague way that the whole agitation for prohibition, like the War itself, was something transient, incidental to an emergency and in due time bound to disappear.

It was this feeling which unquestionably accounts for the insistence by wets and even lukewarm drys on a time-limit of six or seven years on the process of ratification. Whatever Congress itself might do, in the interest of war efficiency and under the stress of war emotion, the fact remained as a check on war excitement that the opposition of any thirteen states was enough to block adoption of the Amendment.



Wide World

MR. HEFLIN OF ALABAMA

"Are we willing . . . to surrender forever the right and power of the state to control its own domestic affairs?"

THE THEORY of the opponents of prohibition that thirteen hostile states could hold out comfortably for seven years was doomed to disappointment.

It was on January 8, 1918, in the fourth week following the action of Congress, that the first state ratified the Eighteenth Amendment. This state was Mississippi. Its action was prompt and overwhelming. Within fifteen minutes after the Governor of the state submitted the question to the legislature, both Houses had arrived at their decision[15]. There was no debate. The roll-call was impressive. A total of 121 votes was cast in favor of ratification against 8 votes opposed.

This was an auspicious start for the Amendment and it soon became apparent that there were certain forces operating in favor of ratification which had not been assessed at their full value by the wets.

In the first place, these gentlemen overlooked the fact that the battle was now to be fought out in the state capitals and that it was precisely in the state capitals that the Anti-Saloon League and its allied organizations had been functioning most effectively for more than twenty years.

In the second place, the War itself was destined to play a positive part and not merely a negative part in the ratification of the Amendment. For while the War overshadowed the Amendment, and kept it from becoming the burning issue which it might otherwise have been, the War also served effectively to identify patriotism with the cause of prohibition.

Canada was going dry in 1918, setting a persuasive example as our senior partner in the War for the United States to follow.

The United States itself was going dry, even in advance of the Eighteenth Amendment and without its aid, for the same reason which prompted action in the case of Canada: namely, for the purpose of conserving food. Under the Food Control Law of 1917 the distilleries were already closed. Now, in September, 1918, the government decided to close the breweries as well as the distilleries, partly because of a drought which had damaged crops and partly because of a labor shortage and the necessity of drafting more men for the army[16].

Finally, in this same month—September, 1918—Congress gave its approval to a plan for "wartime" prohibition on a national scale. Ironically enough, the bill carrying this provision did not become a law until ten days after the War was over and did not actually take effect

14. *New York Times*, Aug. 4, Nov. 9, Nov. 15, Nov. 23, Dec. 3, Dec. 10, Dec. 11, Dec. 12, Dec. 16, 1926.

15. *Associated Press dispatch*, Jackson, Miss., January 8, 1918.

16. *New York Times*, September 7, 1918.

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until the seventh month of peace. Nevertheless, the approval of the proposal by Congress precisely at the time when the state legislatures were acting on the Eighteenth Amendment once more linked the cause of prohibition with the War.

This cause already had effective leadership. It had the momentum of the gains which it had made while the nation was at peace. It had the support of many thousands of devoted friends who did not lose their interest in it merely because the government of Russia was falling or the French were attacking at Verdun. It had the prestige of an overwhelmingly favorable vote in Congress. It had the assistance of the bright bonfires which the Anti-Saloon League now began to build behind various state legislatures[17]. The net result of all these factors was a prompt and favorable vote even in many of the wet states and the completion of the process of ratification in an almost incredibly short time.

It was on January 8, 1918, that Mississippi had ratified the Amendment. During the same month Virginia, Kentucky, South Carolina and North Dakota added their vote to Mississippi's. Eight more states took action before the end of spring. Two states voted favorably in the fall; and twenty states added their approval suddenly in the first fifteen days of January, 1919.

This brought the total to thirty-five. At 10:32 on the following morning—January 16, 1919—the lower House of the Nebraska legislature voted for ratification by the comfortable majority of 98 to 0 and three-quarters of the states had fallen into line.

The process of ratification was complete. The battle in the state legislatures had ended in a rout. Prohibition took its place in the Constitution of the United States. The drys had scored their triumph. The wets have never to this day agreed that the test of strength was fairly staged and that the Eighteenth Amendment was ratified with the declared approval of a majority of the American people. There are three chief points which they still cite in support of this contention:

In the first place, they insist that ratification was the result of war psychology and of the identification of patriotism with prohibition as a means of saving food. They insist that the War was at all times dominant in the discussion of the Amendment, from the day it appeared before the Senate down through the debate on the question of ratification in the states, and that without the War the Amendment would never have been adopted.

In the second place, the opponents of the Eighteenth Amendment insist that the quarrel over prohibition was in large part a dispute for power between rural districts and urban districts, and that in this dispute the rural districts had more than their due share of representation in the state legislatures which ratified the Eighteenth Amendment.

Finally, the opponents of prohibition argue the Eighteenth Amendment was never ratified in the sense that either of the major parties first declared itself in favor of such action at a national convention and then submitted the question to a popular vote. Plainly nothing of the sort happened. Neither the Republican nor the Democratic party had ever declared itself in favor of national prohibition. No president had ever been elected on this issue. No state except Ohio ever submitted the question of ratification to a popular vote. All this is obvious. The reply made by the drys is that the Amendment was ratified in strict accordance with the provisions of the Constitution.

These are the three chief points which the wets cite in support of their contention that the Eighteenth Amendment never had the sanction of the country as a whole. A different set of arguments is available to the drys.

They can point out, first, that the Eighteenth Amendment was ratified not only by the twenty-six states which had adopted some form of prohibition as their policy before the War, but also by twenty others, including such thoroughly wet states as New York, New Jersey, Wisconsin and Illinois.

They can point out, second, that the vote in most of the legislatures of these states was overwhelmingly in favor of ratification; that in sixteen states it was a unanimous vote either in one house or both; and that only in four states—New York, Illinois, Louisiana and Pennsylvania—was it even close.

They can point out, finally, that more than eighty per cent of the members of all the state legislatures in the country voted in favor of ratification and they can insist that not even war psychology explains a vote so heavily one-sided.

With this argument, however, we merely return to the point from which we started and the contention of the wets that this is just what happened. For it is precisely the one-sidedness of the vote, the haste with which it was taken, the refusal to ask for the guidance of popular referendums and the heavy emphasis on prohibition as good patriotism which seem to the wets to supply convincing proof that the state legislatures were stampeded into action under pressure of the War.

No method will ever be devised for ascertaining how much truth lies in this argument and how much in the argument used in rebuttal by the drys: their insistence that the War merely added pace to a process which would inevitably have

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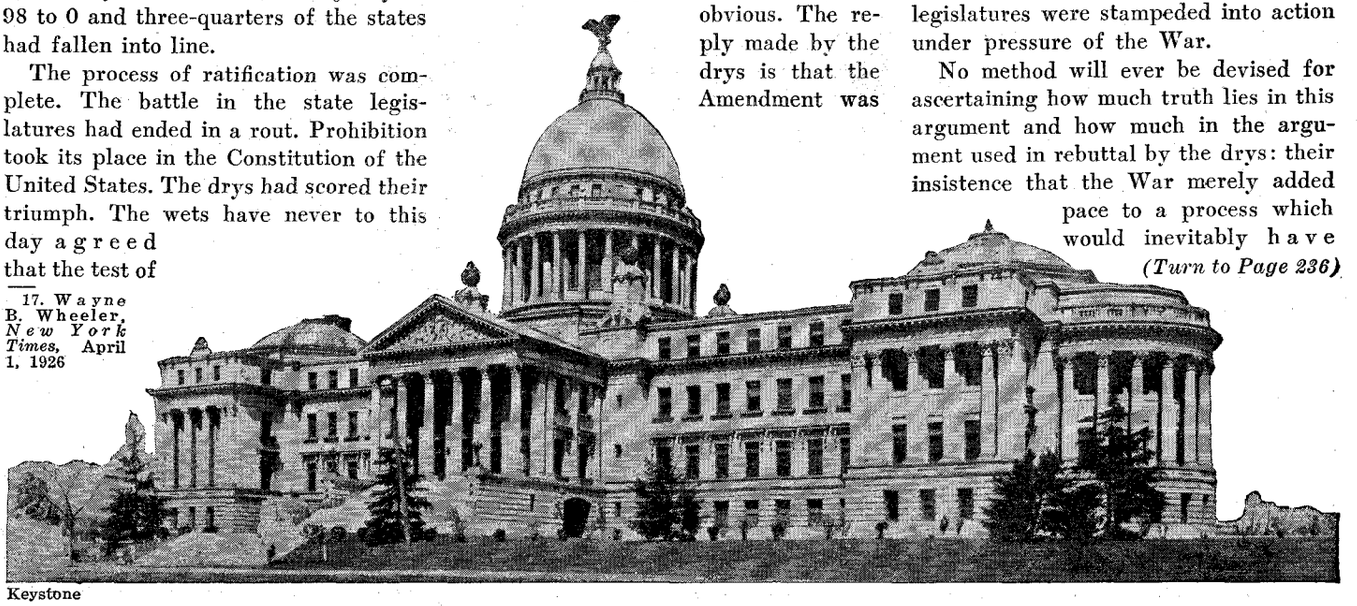
17. Wayne B. Wheeler, *New York Times*, April 1, 1926



Keystone

THE CAPITOL AT JACKSON
Mississippi was the first state to ratify the Eighteenth Amendment

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Miniature West Points

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

THERE is such a thing as lost motion; and there is a worse thing: it is vicious lost motion. The former may be negative in its effect; the latter is an active principle of evil. Among the vicious lost motions of our American life is this pernicious sending of our boys to military schools, our consigning them to these little West Points, of which our country now suffers a severe eruption. Military schools should be for those who intend to pursue the profession of soldiering—why, God knows, except to achieve "a bubble reputation, even at the cannon's mouth." But to attempt to combine, at random, true education with military training is mating beauty with the beast. There is and there can be no more relation between education and warfare than there can be between Christianity and warfare.

It being a part of my duty to interview pupils who have to be properly classified as they enter school, I one day had this characteristic session with a boy who wished to enter Yale, but who had been going to a military academy.

"What did you read in your English course last year?" I asked hopefully.

The boy looked puzzled—an expression that youth often considers to be a legitimate substitute for thoughtfulness. It is at least momentarily defensive.

"Oh, yes, I remember," he said with a sudden bright awakening; "we studied a book with a red cover."

"But what authors did you study?"

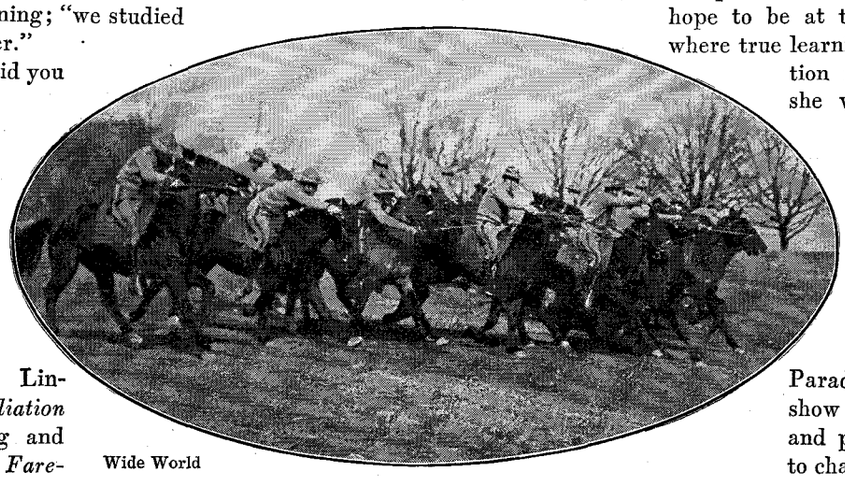
He looked at me as if I were expecting entirely too much of human nature.

"Why," he said hesitatingly, taking a hurried inventory of his stock of great names,—"we studied Lincoln's *Speech on Conciliation* and Vachel Sandburg and Washington Irving's *Farewell Address*."

"I see," I said, facing this darkness.

Proceeding then to a more definite examination of the lad's preparation in English, I gave him ten simple words to spell. He missed six. When asked for *any* rule in punctuation, he said, "One must not end a sentence with a *coma*"—which perhaps is not a bad rule.

But, seriously, so tragically poor had been his preparation that, although he was eighteen and normally intelligent, I knew it would take two, possibly three, years to prepare him for Yale—or any other decent university. What was responsible for his plight? Why, the kind of school to which he had been sent—a school where much is made of uniforms, drills, discipline (of a specious military sort), horse-back riding; a kind of a permanent summer camp. There the alleged students are always either parading or getting ready to parade. Such a school arranges for periodic visits by eminent men—especially soldiers and politicians, at which times the school displays itself in full regalia. Then the visitors say fine things about Old Gatling, and fond parents imagine that they have had miraculous guidance in the matter of sending their sons there. But when those sons wish to enter a real college by way of the College Board Examinations, these parents are in for a terrible awakening; for if John emerges not completely ruined in an intellectual sense, they are lucky. As far as true education is concerned, the years that the misguided boy has spent at such an institution have been vital years utterly thrown away. Few things are more poignantly sad than to discover unfeigned disillusion in youth. And I have frequently heard boys, with disingenuous, sane anger, bitterly denounce the old military schools at which so much bull had been thrown, and nothing learned. I once heard an irate father exclaim, "Well, my boy was at Ranting for five years, but all he learned was the school yell and how to say, 'Hep! Hep!'"



Wide World

The fanfare of the military

It is not to be supposed that all military schools are dismally deficient in scholarly stands. Exception must in honesty be made of West Point, Annapolis, the V.M.I., the Citadel, and perhaps a few others. But the myriads of spurious and puerile West Points constitute a genuine menace to American education, and, as a result, to American culture and behavior.

In most military academies a very great deal is made of the fact that in such places boys are taught how to shine their shoes, how to brush their teeth, and how to walk like animated ramrods. These claims are not denied; but the relation they bear to intellectual development is not readily discernible. The ability to click one's heels and to make one's bed may be useful; but surely they are elementary accomplishments; wooden soldiers can do the one, and housemaids the other. How far has a lad progressed in education who can right-wheel but who declares that Milton's third wife was Venus, and that the Great Commandment is that thou shalt not commit Deuteronomy?

"A house divided against itself cannot stand." And a school in which the chief interest is in brass buttons and the cheap fanfare of the military cannot hope to be at the same time a place where true learning is achieved. Education is a jealous mistress; she will become a wife if courted long, arduously, and with high sincerity; but she will not consent to take an obscure lounge in a harem where the bathing beauties, Miss Athletics and Miss Parade, display their stock-show charms to a prurient and philandering lover. Or, to change the figure, the misguided military-minded student, walking along the shore of life, passes by the lovely pearls of truth, but brings home hampers of barnacles, conch-shells, watermelon rind, stingrays, dead cats, and dead dogs. The rose of truth requires assiduous nursing; and it never blooms for any one who spends his time cultivating the blue thistles and the jimson-weed.

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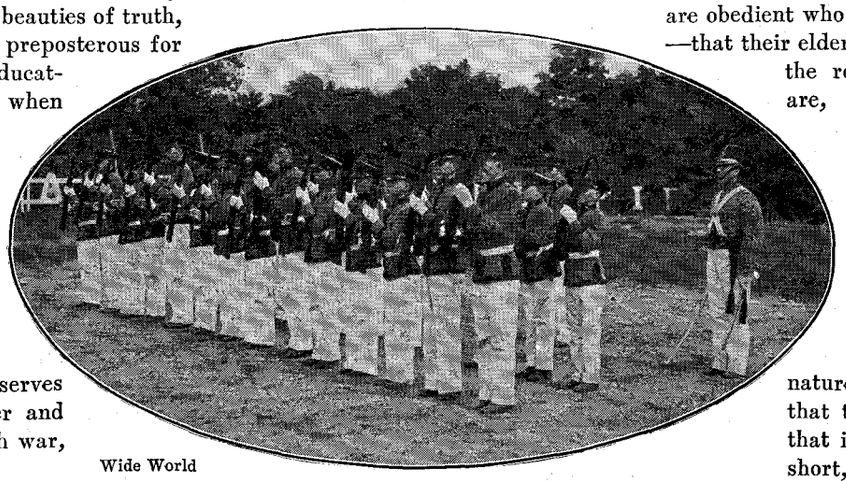
But, greatly as the loss of time spent in these military sap-factories is to be lamented, that loss is of far less moment than the whole idea of training youth for war. By that sin fell Germany. The whole of education being an attempt to humanize and debrutalize barbarians by awakening them to the beauties of truth, peace, and virtue, it is preposterous for us to say that we are educating young gentlemen when we are merely teaching them how to murder their fellow man. Fagan used to teach boys how to steal; but he is not renowned as an educator. Not the mere fact of teaching, but rather what is taught serves to determine character and tendencies. If we teach war, we shall likely get it.



Wide World

Brass buttons and glamour

The claim is often made that boys need military discipline. An obtuse father once declaimed in such a manner to me, overlooking the painful implication that where the home fails, the military school begins; when parents falter, then martinets prosper. Just as the great preparatory schools of America owe their existence to the inadequate preparation given their pupils by most high schools, so the military academies owe their existence to the breakdown of the home as a wholesome disciplining factor.

All discipline of a military nature is based on force in the superior and fear in the inferior. It is therefore, in a sense, despicable, for it is the tyranny of power. And no sooner are those under its thralldom released from that bond than they are liable to luxuriate in a wild, wilful, and capricious freedom. Studies become a part of the character; but the effect of military discipline upon immature character is not very salutary. It is necessary, of course, for an army; but it is abnormal for children.

Education is a training of the spirit, partly through a training of the mind, but perhaps more especially through contacts with teachers, whether they be books or people or experiences. Its fruits should be "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith." The fruits of military training, in their essence, are battle, murder, and sudden death.

No one who understands the typical weaknesses of humanity can deny that there is a glamour about the military. Willie, aged fifteen, though he may firmly believe that ping pong is the capital of China, in his uniform, with his wooden gun, feels himself an incipient hero. His mien has the power to flutter the feminine heart. There are no antics of the lovelorn anywhere comparable to those cavortings in a town in which there's a military school. What sex-appeal can be greater than that which suggests that the adored may be the saviour of his country? All male contests in which the trappings of the ogre of war are displayed, most athletic contests, these have their *raison d'être* far, far back in caveman history, when might was law, and when the physical superman alone deserved the fair.

So powerful is the hold of the military on human imagination, which has inherited the gross idea that a uniform means salvation, that, while we talk peace, even our fraternal orders parade in uniforms—chiefly to create an impression of an importance wholly artificial. Their purposes are good, but they wear the trappings of the ogre. In our halls of fame nearly all the statues are those of military characters. England pensions many of her poets. We are painfully partial to soldiers as a class. Many of them deserve all their country can give; but many of them are just naturally of no account. It seems a pity that soldiers could not be sorted out in some way so that only the more meritorious should receive the financial aid of their country. It is a worse pity that in our land nine-tenths of those receiving pensions should be members of one political party.

In defense of military schools the claim is often made that obedience is there inculcated. Rather, it is there enforced. True obedience makes law, and is a voluntary acquiescing of the heart; law never can make obedience—as we in this country know. In my dealings with some six thousand boys, I have not found that those coming from military schools were especially obedient. Those boys are obedient who sense—however dimly—that their elders are farther ahead on the road of life than they are, and are wiser—boys who are born with a certain grace of heart. Boys from farms and lonely hamlets have usually a natural inclination to obey—perhaps because they have lived close to nature, and have discovered that there are natural laws that it is wise to follow. In short, though I attended a military school, and though daily I deal with similar victims, I have not observed that military discipline favorably affects behavior in the ordinary relations of life, whereas the evidence is so abundant as to be conclusive that in a juvenile military school most of the chances are against a lad's obtaining a sound preparatory education.

"Who was King Alfred?" I queried of one of these incipient soldiers.

"Oh,—why, he was a King in the Great War. I think he was either a Belgian or a German."

Another wrote, "The kind of man I admire is one who has intestinal courage."

A third informed me that the meter of *Lycidas* is "mystic speedometer."

A fourth, asked who wrote the Bible, declared that it was "compiled by Jesus, with the help of Washington Irving."

Not all parents are educated; and as a result they are by no means sure what schools are supposed to do for their children. But most do know. One of the latter said penetrantly to me:—"Three of my boys went to preparatory school; but my fourth was so hopeless that I had to send him to a military academy. He will learn nothing there, but he will get a diploma just the same. Isn't education accommodating?"

During the course of the Great War, practically all important preparatory schools became military units. I noticed its effect upon five hundred young

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The Trend of Events

Beginning of the End?

ON Saturday, September 27, Prohibition Commissioner Woodcock issued a public statement nothing short of sensational. We shall be interested to see whether it is repudiated by President Hoover before this appears in print. If it is not repudiated, if President Hoover endorses Mr. Woodcock's statement, we have reached the end of the attempt to enforce absolute prohibition in the United States.

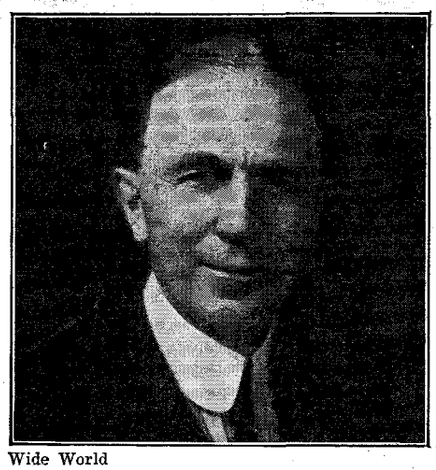
While this is sometimes disputed, it is probably illegal for a householder to brew, for his own use, beer containing one-half of one per cent or more of alcohol. It is unquestionably illegal for him to manufacture, even for his own use, fruit juices which are intoxicating in fact. Hence, it is unquestionably illegal for him to manufacture light wines, for whoever says light wines are not intoxicating in fact has but to drink enough of them and he will no longer be able to say it intelligibly. Yet last Saturday Mr. Woodcock declared that what is all wrong under the law is all right in practice. Those who violate the Volstead act by making beer and wine for their own use in their own homes, he said in effect, will henceforth be safe from federal prosecution. Because, he explained, as a practical matter it is extremely difficult to obtain proof with which to prosecute these cases, since warrants to search private homes are issued only on evidence of manufacture or sale.

The implications of this statement are clear. Mr. Woodcock has decided to enforce only in part a law which he has solemnly sworn to enforce in its entirety. He is approving nullification. He is implying that the Prohibition Bureau, and not Congress or the American people, may determine the nature of the dry laws. He is arguing that a certain act is, amazingly, at once illegal and permissible. He is asserting that the dry laws will be strictly enforced only against those who lack the time, space or funds to make beer and wine in their homes. He is defying Mr. Hoover's dictum that all laws must be enforced so long as they are laws. Finally, and most important of all, he is admitting that the Volstead act as it stands is unenforceable. From which it must follow that he believes the Volstead act should be either repealed or severely modified.

As we say, this is a sensational statement. If it were endorsed by President Hoover it might go down in history as the start toward the finish of American prohibition.

Another Wet Victory

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY in New York has executed a right-about-face on prohibition. Four years ago it was dry. Two years ago it evaded the issue. This year, at its recent convention in Albany, it nominated the wet Charles H. Tuttle for governor and by a vote of 733 to 258



Wide World

ANTI-TAMMANY NOMINEE

Charles H. Tuttle, Republican candidate for governor of New York

adopted a platform plank demanding the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Rural Republican drys, utterly routed, retreated from Albany threatening to bolt the party and support a candidate of their own. Whatever the upshot of their plans, it is improbable that the Republican party in New York will ever be dry again.

The repeal plank written at Albany calls for a new constitutional amendment outlawing the saloon, forbidding private traffic in intoxicants and guaranteeing federal assistance to prohibition states. That is to say, it mirrors the views not only of the Republican nominee, Mr. Tuttle, but of the Democratic nominee, Mr. Roosevelt. Credit for this goes primarily to the insistence of Mr. Tuttle, but some credit should be saved for the anti-prohibition pioneering of former-Senator Wadsworth, Nicholas Murray Butler, Mrs. Charles Sabin and others. The New York Republicans have joined the wet movement in the Republican party now directed by Dwight W. Morrow. Needless to say, this brings them into direct conflict with Mr. Hoover and with the dominant drys in the party as a whole. It also presages a hot wet-dry fight in the Republican national convention of 1932.

With both parties wet, New York Republicans intend to forget prohibition and concentrate on the iniquities of Tammany. What they hope to do is to indict Governor Roosevelt at the polls for all the evils unearthed and dramatized by Mr. Tuttle as United States Attorney. Thus the Republican platform denounced Governor Roosevelt for "preventing an exposure of general corruption and the prompt and vigorous prosecution and punishment of those responsible for it." Thus Mr. Tuttle declares that the issue is whether New York is to have a governor that is bigger than Tammany Hall. A mild beginning, all this, for a campaign destined to wallow in insinuations and personal abuse.

Our own attitude we have previously explained. We believe that Mr. Roosevelt is unquestionably honest, that he is unusually competent, and that, since he is not only a candidate for governor but a potential candidate for President as well, his victory would mean far more to the wet cause than Mr. Tuttle's. We therefore believe Roosevelt should be re-elected.

Mr. Tuttle

IT WAS Charles Henry Tuttle's exposure of evil conditions in the judiciary of New York City that won him the Republican nomination for governor. As United States Attorney, Mr. Tuttle was not only a prosecutor but an explorer. Unable to proceed save in federal cases involving evaded income taxes or misuse of the mails, he took the only course open to him, but, while following it, peered down and pointed out many shady by-paths which other investigators have been following ever since. Every discovery he made rounded out his anti-Tammany issue and put him that much nearer the nomination.

Fifty-one years old, Mr. Tuttle is a

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native of Greenwich Village, New York City, though no one would ever guess it. But, though he was born in Bohemia, he was brought up on a farm in New Jersey. As a youth he was uncommonly apt at singing hymns and carols, carrying off prizes in Sunday schools and winning medals for scholarship. Leaving Columbia Law School in 1902 with a Phi Beta Kappa key on his watch-chain, he practiced law in New York City until 1927, when he was appointed United States Attorney. During this period he earned large fees, lost some hair, collected the chairmanships of about forty religious and educational bodies and became an Elk and a Mason.

Son of a writer on the law and grandson of an Episcopal rector, he quotes both the law and the Scriptures in the court room. With his grave demeanor, his strong personality, his rounded periods, his melodious baritone voice, his red face surmounting an old-fashioned collar and his calm clutching of coat lapels, he usually makes a favorable impression on jurymen.

He is proud of his simplicity and industry. As United States Attorney he enjoyed being seen at his desk with a toothbrush sticking from one pocket and a hairbrush from another. During the past summer he played a good deal of tennis, worked in his shirt sleeves, drank gallons of water and malted milk each day and interrupted many an appointment to swab his face with a bath towel.

He is by common consent an able lawyer. Possibly he would make an able governor. But in the view of the importance of the Roosevelt candidacy to the movement against prohibition, we do not believe he should be given an opportunity to prove it.

▶▶*Silent Men of Tammany*

Strong, silent men—well, anyhow, silent men—these officials and affiliates of Tammany Hall. Unhappily, their recent hostility to speech has been a barrier to the detection of graft in New York City. In his mail and income tax cases, Mr. Tuttle encountered many witnesses who refused to answer questions for fear of incriminating themselves. When, later, a special county grand jury sought to discover whether Tammany had created a regular system of selling public offices, it, too, met Tammanyites who locked their lips.

Among these was Leader John F. Curry, author of that droll epigram, "Tammany Hall stands for good government." No doubt the grand jury believed Mr. Curry capable of talking for hours on Tammany's methods of filling public offices. Alas for their expectations, Mr. Curry spent only a few moments in the jury room. He emerged with flushed face and quivering voice, angry to the point of tears. The friend of good government had been insulted—"highly insulted." He had actually been asked—though, by George, he hadn't consented—to sign a waiver of immunity, to forego his constitutional right to refuse to answer questions which might tend to incriminate him. The insult left Mr. Curry speechless. Moreover, that is just the way it left any number of his lieutenants, who likewise refused to sign the papers, though some of them admitted that they were not very much insulted but only a little.

Wide World

INSULTED

John F. Curry, head of Tammany Hall

Strangely enough, Tammany's fine reticence went quite unappreciated. On the day Mr. Curry was insulted, Governor Roosevelt announced that, if re-elected, he would ask the legislature to enact a law requiring public officials to waive immunity in investigations of their official acts. Two days later the Republican convention adopted a platform plank demanding substantially the same regulations. Yet what was the grief of Tammany when Governor Roosevelt, instead of resting here, asked Mayor Walker to direct these mute employees of the city government—that excludes Mr. Curry, though it includes practically all the others—to march back to the grand jury room, waive immunity and answer the questions asked them.

This attempt to amend our judicial system by requiring public officials to waive one of their legal rights need not be taken too seriously, since it is obviously a pre-election gesture. But, designed as it was to meet Mr. Tuttle's issue and prove that Mr. Roosevelt himself is bigger than Tammany Hall, the Governor's letter to Mayor Walker was a neat exhibition of astute politics.

▶▶*Rumor Re Cigarettes*

Our bureau of More or Less Plausible Rumors is now working on the unpublished report that

A popular brand of American cigarette will make its debut this winter in colors, while another domestic cigarette will be presented with guarantees that it will light with a simple touch against the package. The colored brand, the rumor runs, will be produced in seven hues, each in a harmonizing package. This should appeal to citizens who have suffered from aching color-consciousness brought on by smoking white cigarettes in blue kitchens, aquamarine bathrooms and vermilion automobiles. While colored cigarettes are an old story, the venture this winter will be hailed as the first in the field by a popular brand.

Our bureau understands that self-lighting cigarettes are not an over-night invention, but that the well-established firm which will offer them placed its patents a year or more ago. The trouble was, the company's experts had difficulty in obliterating the sulphur odor resulting from the chemical reaction produced when one substance on the tip of the cigarette came in contact with another on the package. But now, it is said, the feat has been accomplished and the cigarette can go odorless to market. The report should enthrall smokers who habitually run out of matches, who forget to fill their lighters or who cannot master the knack of lighting up without stopping the car. They say the new cigarette can even be lighted by a woman.

▶▶*Delay on Briand Plan*

Whoever expected the Briand plan to be adopted within a year has been disappointed. But whoever expected the Briand plan to be adopted within a year?

French Foreign Minister Briand laid the cornerstone of a European federation "between a pear and some cheese" at a luncheon in Geneva last September. He sent a specific plan for a federation—involving a president, a committee and

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a secretariat, with headquarters at Geneva—to European members of the League of Nations in May, 1930. He then analyzed their reactions to it and carried his conclusions to Geneva early last month.

There, at Britain's insistence, the plan was submitted for the approval of the League Assembly. The Assembly thereupon instructed the twenty-seven European nations to form a committee, acting with the League Secretariat, to discuss the federation idea and to turn in its recommendations before September, 1931. The committee will hold its first meeting in January.

This is not, to be sure, unexpectedly fast work. But neither is it unexpectedly slow work. The Briand plan is extremely far-reaching. It is running up against cold and disheartening facts—the fact that Italy and Germany are dissatisfied with the European *status quo* and eager to have the peace treaties revised to their own advantage, the fact that Europe is still a tangle of international hatreds and jealousies, the fact that Britain seems more anxious to keep the principal continental nations apart than to bring them together, and so on. In the end, these obstacles may prove more than the Briand plan can surmount. Just now it appears probable that the plan will peter out; that the upshot may be, not federation, but some inoffensive little scheme for closer collaboration. But the point to be made here is that the delay does not necessarily indicate that the Briand plan is dead. Given so revolutionary a project, lengthy delay is inevitable.

▶▶*German Fascism*

ONE COLD FACT with which the Briand plan is colliding is the success of the German Fascists in the election of September 14. The federation plan and the German Fascist movement are quite irreconcilable. The former assumes that the present European order of things will continue; the latter is determined to upset it. The former appeals to internationalism, the latter to nationalism gone mad. It is impossible to conceive of a German government dominated by Fascists co-operating with other European governments under the Briand plan or anything like it.

Is it also impossible to conceive of a German government dominated by Fascists? It may not be in the capitals of Germany's neighbors. The German Fascists are no longer a joke. They polled no fewer than 6,000,000 votes and won 107 seats—nearly a fifth of all—in the election of September 14. It is doubtless true that, as President von Hindenburg says, there is no danger of a successful Fascist revolution at the present time. But what is true this year may not be true next year or the year after. Since Germany is using the Fascist movement to protest against war burdens, unemployment and business depression, the growth of the movement may continue as long as hard times continue. Realization of this fact may account for the drastic step now contemplated by the government of Chancellor Bruening. This is to dissolve the Reichstag convening on October 13 unless it furnishes a reliable majority for the government's economic relief measures and to place Germany under a five-man dictatorship headed by President von Hindenburg.

Keystone

HERR HITLER

Fire-eating chief of German National Socialist (Fascist) party

How the Fascists would rid Germany of her war burdens their strange leader, Adolf Hitler, last week bluntly explained. The purpose of his movement, he frankly owned, is to "inflame a fanatic national zeal among the German people." Using strictly constitutional methods, he said, his party would seek control of the government. There would be no revolution. "We don't need an armed revolt. All we need is another election." In three years, he predicted, the party would be the strongest in the country. Once the Fascists were in power they would seek the revision of the Versailles treaty and the reparations settlements, "with legal means if possible; failing that, with illegal means."

A few years from now, if good times have returned to Germany, this tall talk may be remembered with laughter. But just now it is no laughing matter in Europe, and surely not in France. Noting developments in Germany, M. Briand may be just as well satisfied that his federation plan has been put away to age.

▶▶*British Nations Confer*

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE now in session at London faces questions of moment both to countries within and those without the British Commonwealth of Nations. The last meeting of the premiers, four years ago, was devoted largely to expressing and defining the political independence of sections of the British Empire. The primary task of the present meeting is to find a way whereby the members of the commonwealth may produce, manufacture and trade to their mutual advantage.

The conference of 1926 recognized the autonomy of the British dominions, binding them loosely as equal associates pledging allegiance to the Crown. The conference this year will follow this course a step or two further. Thus Prime Minister Hertzog of the Union of South Africa went to London seeking recognition of a dominion's right to secede. Other premiers will seek to scrap old constitutional provisions that acts of their legislatures must be approved by the Crown or the British Parliament. Both questions are academic, since South Africa does not intend to secede and the measures slated for the scrap-heap have been dead for half a century.

But there is nothing academic about the question of the economic relations of the commonwealth's members. Unemployment, industrial depression and burdensome taxes are convincing many hard-headed British business men that the economic parts of the Empire must somehow be drawn closer together. One project sure to be warmly debated at the present conference is the so-called empire free trade plan, providing for higher tariff walls around, lower ones within, the commonwealth. Within each member of the empire there is sharp

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difference of opinion on the merits of this plan, but from each comes a premier convinced that his country must not sacrifice any of its present advantages for the good of the whole. Whether proximity to the Crown will mellow them remains to be seen. The outcome of the conference may affect other nations than those painted pink in old geographies. In particular, it may affect trade to and from the United States.

▶▶*Trickery in Nebraska*

"STANDPATTERS' TRICKERY," said Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, when, back in July, he learned that he might be opposed in his fight for renomination by a grocer with a name exactly like his own. The Senator, it appears, hit the bull's-eye. Senator Norris also threatened to withdraw from the Republican primaries and run as an independent. That, it seems, was precisely the purpose of the Broken Bow grocer's candidacy. Fortunately the snide little scheme miscarried when Chief Justice Goss of the Nebraska Supreme Court ruled that the groceryman's papers had been filed too late.

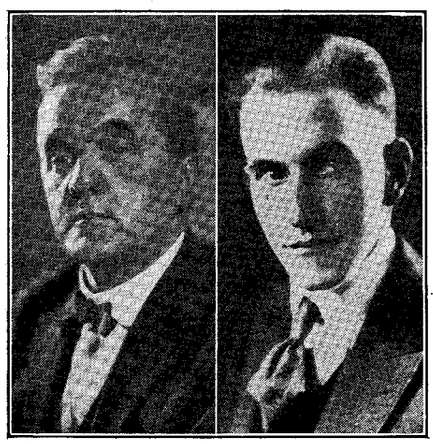
Appearing before the Senate committee investigating campaign funds, the Broken Bow grocer declared that the trickery was instigated by Victor Seymour, western manager of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, of which Senator Moses is chairman. Grocer Norris and Paul Johnson, his attorney, testified that Seymour paid the fifty-dollar filing fee and reimbursed the thirty-dollar-a-week grocery clerk for his time and expenses with a $500 government bond. Johnson pictured Seymour stopping at Kearney, Nebraska, urging him to get the grocer into the race, handing over the fifty dollars and cautioning secrecy.

Until Miss Esther Alton, Seymour's former secretary, appeared before the committee, the lawyer and his client were as secretive as any one could desire. Grocer Norris proclaimed that he alone conceived the plan of besting Senator Norris, that he never mentioned it except to his attorney, that he went westward when his papers were rejected and subsequently moved to Enid, Oklahoma. Then Miss Alton told the committee of Seymour's efforts to defeat Senator Norris and of his warnings to her against disclosing his activities. Next day Johnson and the groceryman asked for a chance to tell the truth, received it, and admitted that Seymour had both prepared and financed the groceryman's candidacy.

We do not wonder that Mr. Seymour has resigned his position as campaign manager. Nor do we wonder now that Senator Norris could see nothing amusing in the candidacy of the grocer. There is nothing amusing in cowardly chicanery.

▶▶*The Board Gives In*

AGAINST its better judgment, the Chicago Board of Trade yielded to political pressure exerted by Secretary of Agriculture Hyde. The board's directors agreed to prevent the Soviet government from selling wheat short on



International

GEORGE W. NORRISES

Left, the Senator from McCook; right, the grocer from Broken Bow

the Chicago exchange, though they did not agree with Mr. Hyde's assertion that such sales were partly responsible for falling wheat prices. Threatened with government intervention and with possible loss of its license, the board merely decided to let Mr. Hyde have his way.

The decision of the Board of Trade came suddenly, after its committee had conferred in Washington with Mr. Hyde, Secretary of Commerce Lamont and Chairman Legge of the Farm Board. During the conference Silas H. Strawn, counsel for the Board of Trade, told the government officials plainly enough that the "short selling of 7,500,000 bushels of wheat would not depress its price." When the committee returned to Chicago, however, the board produced its ruling "to show every effort of co-operation in the protection of the American farmer." Short selling by any foreign government—that is, by Russia—was prohibited and brokers were warned to prevent bear raids and price manipulations.

Meanwhile, Senator Oddie of Nevada announced that he would sponsor a bill to exclude Russian wheat, as well as other Russian products, from the American market. Perhaps the Senator has not read Mr. Hyde's statement that the Soviet government could not possibly deliver wheat in the United States. On that score, Mr. Hyde branded the Soviet sales as representing, not the familiar practice of hedging, but a plot against the American farmer. Now that the Chicago Board of Trade has taken his dictation, Mr. Hyde can only watch and wait, preparing to cry "I told you so" should the price go up, or to find himself out on a limb should the price continue to show a sharp downward movement.

That wheat prices are more likely to fall than to rise was indicated last week by the reports that the visible supply of United States wheat is now the largest in history—more than 200 million bushels—and that Russia has, not forty million bushels, as had been supposed, but eighty million ready to export. Even James C. Stone, vice-chairman of the Federal Farm Board, declared last week that the trend of wheat prices during the next four years probably would be downward. All things considered, perhaps Mr. Hyde had better get busy and discover another anti-American plot which will explain the grotesque failure of the Farm Board's efforts to effect long promised farm relief.

▶▶*Gabby the Great*

NEITHER tradition nor superstition kept Gabby Street and his St. Louis Cardinals from meeting Cornelius McGillicuddy and his Philadelphia Athletics in that strictly American event not too humbly described as the World Series. Superstition has it that thirteen is an unlucky number. Tradition has it that the club which leads a league on the Fourth of July will lead it at the close of the season. Yet Gabby Street won a pennant despite the assumption that, since there had been twelve pennant-winning first-year managers, there would never be another. He won it, moreover, even though the St. Louis Cardinals were in fourth place on Independence Day.

When that day rolled around things must have looked as bad to Gabby as they did two seasons before, when he was hustling to keep his Knoxville,

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Tennessee, club in fifth place in the South Atlantic League. A month later they must have looked even worse. By

Wide World

MEETING McGILLICUDDY

Gabby Street, manager of the St. Louis Nationals

that time, the Cardinals, instead of budging from fourth place, had dropped twelve games behind Brooklyn, the leader. It was then that Gabby started the drive which took him to peaks of fame like those he trod some fifteen years ago, when his face shone from a million cigarette pictures and all the world knew him as the man who held Walter Johnson's cannon-ball delivery with consummate ease and once even caught a ball dropped from the top of the Washington Monument.

The Cardinals suffered only three more defeats in August. They swept through September. They won thirty-eight out of forty-seven games to clinch the pennant and were gaining momentum all the time as they neared Mr. McGillicuddy's Elephants. Many experts attribute the Cardinals' success to their chain-store ownership of minor league teams, which gave them unlimited reserve players for their own use and some to sell to their rivals. No doubt this is a realistic explanation, but we just don't happen to like it. Our own theory is that Gabby exploded tradition and confounded superstition by judicious use of the horseshoe given to him by that Negro bat boy down there in Knoxville.

▶▶*War Guilt*

THE FRENCH NEWSPAPER *La Volonté* created a sensation in Paris last week by denying German war guilt and supporting its startling demand for revision of the peace treaties with a purported excerpt from an unpublished book by Raymond Poincaré. To the former French President is attributed the statement that, contrary to what the French Foreign Office then believed, the Austrian mobilization of 1914 did not precede the mobilization in Russia.

With characteristically French passion the newspaper argued that unless the treaties were revised Europe would taste a gas war destroying civilians as well as troops. Two facts were cited as making treaty revision imperative, the "old fact of the illegal character of the treaties imposed by the victors upon the vanquished without allowing the latter to state their case," and the "new fact" based on M. Poincaré's assertions.

Whereupon the New York *Times* sought verification from M. Poincaré himself. M. Poincaré cabled that he had shown the priority of the Russian mobilization in his book published last May. But, he said, "as you can see in the same work, I demonstrated clearly that that fact does not affect the responsibilities of Austria and Germany." To students of the question, however, that fact and innumerable others unearthed in the past decade have revolutionized old opinions on responsibility for the War. Even now many otherwise well-informed Americans believe that the responsibility falls on Germany alone. Among these are forty-eight out of 429 professional men and women who answered a questionnaire sent out by *The World Tomorrow*. Yet the striking thing here is that so many of the respondents have abandoned the old familiar prejudices and not that so many still cling to them. With all the world swinging around to the view that the Treaty of Versailles "war guilt lie" is a lie indeed, is it any wonder that intelligent Germans ask that the treaty be revised and the lie erased?

▶▶*Lament*

FRANKLY we were more than half sorry when Bobby Jones won at the Merion Cricket Club. Not that we were betting against him. Not that we had other favorites. There is no golfer whom we had rather see win than the Emperor Jones and there was no more fitting place for him to be crowned than on the course near Philadelphia. There he played in his first national championship at the age of fourteen. There he won his first amateur honors at the age of twenty-two. There, last week, at the age of twenty-eight, he added the amateur title to the other three he has won this year, the national open, the British amateur and the British open. And there is the rub.

No other golfer has ever come anywhere near winning the four titles in a single season. No other golfer is likely to win the four nor is Bobby himself expected to try for them again. For him there are no more worlds to conquer. He occupies the position of a card player who has drawn a ten of spades to a jack, queen, king and ace of spades and has held a bridge hand of thirteen trumps.

He may plead in the courts of Alabama, jog his two children on his knee, play with friends on his home course or compete again for one or more of the four titles he has won already. But

Keystone

LAST HAZARD

Gene Homans, overcome by Bobby Jones in the finals at the Merion Cricket Club

there is melancholy in store for this golfer without a goal, melancholy in store for all of us who have watched him

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and admired him. Already that melancholy is sweeping the country. Jones brought it into being at Merion with his grand sweep through the field and his outpointing of Gene Homans in the final round. He defeated Homans, eight up, on the twenty-ninth green, with eighteen thousand spectators swarming by. As he disappeared in the midst of the escorting marines he was lost to a world thinking of the old days at Oakmont, at St. Anne's and at Brae Burn, of the three times Bobby won the national open though forced into play-offs, of the way he tramped the slippery greens at St. Andrews in dogged quest of the British amateur. Those were the days, those were. And, now that Bobby has done all there is to do, they can never come again.

Mr. Kelley's Charges

WESTERN COLORADO has been witnessing depredations which make the Teapot Dome scandal look like petty shop-lifting if one is to believe Ralph S. Kelley, chief of the field division of the United States Land Office at Denver. Resigning after twenty-five years of government service, Mr. Kelley wrote Secretary of the Interior Wilbur that by fraud and political pressure oil concerns were securing concessions in the oil shale fields in 800,000 acres of public lands containing deposits valued at $40,000,000,000.

Mr. Kelley told of his protests, ignored and overruled for five years "until the entire distance has been traversed and the public left holding the bag." Through systematic violation of the United States mining laws, winked at in Washington, he said, "titles to billions of dollars of Colorado oil property have already passed out of the hands of the government to those who wish to exploit them for their own private gain."

"Great political and other pressure" brought to bear upon the Secretary of the Interior had, he maintained, enabled the thoroughly organized oil combination to get concession after concession. The combination included "several of the very concerns whose fraudulent practices have so recently been exposed in the investigations and trials of former Secretary of the Interior Albert S. Fall, Harry Sinclair and others."

Mr. Kelley's letter closed despondently. He had had high hopes that the replacement of Secretary Work and Secretary West by Mr. Wilbur would bring a change of policy. It had not done so. "Attempts to placate and appease the oil interests at the expense of the rights of the public have been as noticeable since March 4, 1929, as theretofore."

Whatever may be the facts, Mr. Kelley rightly contended that protecting the public interest in the public domain was the most important work of the Interior Department. It is unnecessary to add that his charges should be investigated thoroughly by a bi-partisan body as little amenable as possible to "political pressure."

Remarkable Remarks

There is no panic. There is a business depression, which has been brought about largely through the efforts of the Democratic Party. —REPRESENTATIVE L. J. DICKINSON.

It is silly to talk in this campaign, of prohibition as a national issue. —SENATOR SIMEON D. FESS.

In the old days of Washington, Clay and Lincoln, a candidate made a statement. And stuck to it. Now he makes a statement. And is stuck with it.—"BUGS" BAER.

The best politics is service. The best platform is accomplishment.—MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER.

I have been arrested in better towns than this [Philadelphia].—JOHN "LEGS" DIAMOND.

In fifty years there will be no such thing as marriage.—JOHN B. WATSON.

Queen Marie is not a good feminist. She is more the mother.—PRINCESS CANTACUZENE.

I am tired of being eternally called an actress who throws off most of her clothes on the stage, and revels in bedroom scenes.—TALLULAH BANKHEAD.

Undesirable Import

IT HAS BEEN SAID that Sidney Franklin, Brooklyn matador now winning laurels in Spain, hopes some day to introduce bull-fighting in the United States. The following abbreviated wireless dispatch from Madrid to the New York *Times* may give you a rough idea why, in that case, we shall probably be found shouting against the innovation like any blue-nosed, tall-hatted, lean-bodied, long-coated, sour-visaged killjoy in the land:

"Madrid saw the strangest bull fight in seven years today. All afternoon bulls who showed a greater longing for green pastures than a desire to charge came out to a crowded bull ring. The fifth bull, mottled black and white, ambled peacefully into the ring and refused to be baited. The crowd howled. Then the crowd howled again. The bull tried to jump a fence and get away. The angry roar of the crowd was heard in the heart of Madrid. A red handkerchief was waved in the president's box and a pair of the lately re-permitted exploding fire darts of burning sulphur were thrust into the bull's shoulders. The animal bellowed and the crowd applauded madly. The red handkerchief waved again and another pair of torturing darts pierced the bull. The handkerchief was waved a third time and a fourth and a fifth. The bull began to resemble a porcupine in the number of darts that protruded from him. Blood rolled down his sides and the burning sulphur mixed with it. The crowd went wild with excitement as the animal pawed in agony. Finally a seventh pair of darts drove the bull to desperation. He lowered his head and charged. A matador killed him. The fourth bull, the best of the six, killed four horses."

In Brief

AS WE UNDERSTAND IT, when American business men capture foreign markets by underselling competitors it is an illustration of American efficiency, while when the Soviet government does likewise it is an illustration of Soviet deviltry. . . . Charles Evans Hughes has addressed Brown University students on the meaning of a liberal education, but most of the members of the Senate are out of Washington and cannot readily be reached for comment. . . . Though Democrats had charged that the Hawley-Smoot tariff law would raise prices, says Representative Tilson of New Haven, prices have actually gone down. This is an extremely strong argument. We expect Mr. Tilson to repeat it with telling effect before the Connecticut association of manufacturers. . . . How very pleasant to find the Massachusetts Republicans saying that when the people express their will on prohibition it should be carried out. Now, just as soon as some one reminds them that Massachusetts voted decisively for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment in 1928, they will of course stop straddling and come out wet. . . . "The record of ac-

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complishment of the first sixteen months of the Hoover administration is unparalleled in recent times in the number, variety, importance and far-reaching, permanent, constructive character of its results," says the booklet, *The Hoover Administration,* issued by the Republican National Committee and designed, apparently, for brokers, exporters and farmers. . . .

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE THINK it ironic that the Administration's first sensible dictum anent prohibition enforcement should have been inspired by the Joan of Arc of the Anti-Saloon League and President Hoover's feminine and fanatical friend—Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt. For a long while now we have braved our fellows' criticism by our insistence that Mabel, despite the part and the pulpits which she filled in the 1928 campaign, was a real person if one only knew her well. We feel our contention has been proved by her ability to persuade Prohibition Poobah Woodcock that wine and beer, if made for personal consumption rather than sale, have a proper place in the American home. Nor do we share the feeling of her critics that credit should be taken from her because she got well paid for her success in her beer-and-wine venture. As an admirer of Mr. Hoover two years ago, she was a good political soldier and prohibition preacher. Now, as counsel for California grape growers seeking a wider market for their products, she is a good business woman. If, as we hear, it was she who put wine back in our cellars, that performance wipes out some of the indiscretions she committed while putting Mr. Hoover in the White House.

We think it impossible to exaggerate the importance of Mr. Woodcock's public proclamation of the virtue and legality of home-made beer and wine. It is, to our mind, a significant step. His predecessor, Dr. James M. Doran, has long held that liquor distilled for drinking in the home was, to all practical purposes, within the law. The good doctor, though a worthy Methodist, did not even drag in Mr. Woodcock's qualification that the beverage must be "non-intoxicating in fact." He simply pointed out that his agents could not obtain a search warrant without evidence of sale, and that this was out of the question if folks limited their liquor to friends rather than customers.

For all his liberality on this point, Dr. Doran did not dare permit these views to become public property. He never failed to caution his confidants that the drys would demand his head if they dreamed that he entertained such notions. So, he might have added, would both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover.

Boston Transcript

Not out of a clear sky!

Now, on the very day that New York Republicans adopted a program urging the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, Mr. Woodcock boldly proclaims this policy. Though we deem it a recognition of changing sentiment, there is, we hear, an even more interesting story behind the whole affair. We understand that Mrs. Willebrandt, ever since she became associated with the makers of wine-while-you-wait, has had numerous conferences both with Mr. Woodcock and Mr. Hoover. Indeed, she inaugurated the new prohibition régime with a dinner to the new commissioner and his buddies, and has not lost contact with any of her army of successors. The most successful lobbyist in the Capital, she is still an influence, even though she stands outside the throne room instead of behind the throne itself.

Her California clients, we noted, apparently learned of the new policy even before the press and the prohibitionists became aware of it. Many days before Mr. Woodcock's pronouncement, the grape growers inaugurated a nation-wide advertising campaign for their product, and bluntly stated that there would be "no authorized federal interference" with their concentrated, ten per cent wine. As usual, Mabel scooped the press, politicians and prohibitionists.

So wine made of the grape grown in the President's home state is now legal. Yet it was but a few years ago that Senator Gould of Maine lost caste and his seat in the Senate for presuming to write a letter praising the sparkling qualities of the Willebrandt-Woodcock vintage!

We find many who deem it odd that "the noble experiment" is suffering its saddest and most serious setbacks at the hands of Mr. Hoover's closest friends. It was, as we recall, Representative Franklin Fort of New Jersey who suggested in a House speech that "kitchen beer" was a legal brew. Indeed, he warned enforcement officials and drys that they should invoke the law only against commercial violators, and extend exemption to amateur alcoholics. Mr. Hoover, we understand, has long held this view, and Mr. Fort simply reflected the presidential philosophy on practical prohibition. Nor did the President ever repudiate responsibility for this idea, as some think. When he was charged with sympathy for the Fort plan, George Akerson simply said that "Mr. Fort is stating his own views." He did not, we recall distinctly, deny that they were shared by Mr. Hoover. Nor did George make any mention of the hours which the two men spent together.

We feel sorry for the drys, and do not wonder that they think it strange for these White House intimates to be pecking away at their sacred law. Still more devastating disillusionments are in store for them, we understand.

A. F. C.

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▶▶ Republican Prosperity ◀◀

SPEAKING last week before the New York Republican Convention, Secretary of State Stimson went as far as any sensible, intelligent man can in defense of the theory that prosperity is a matter of political party. With his weather eye cocked on the present business depression, he declared that he was not one of those "who claim that a cycle of prosperity or the reverse may be created solely by the result of a political election." Adding that the success of a party whose financial policies are trusted may conduce toward prosperity—and vice versa—he then proceeded to an able defense of Mr. Hoover's handling of the business situation resulting from the world-wide deflation. Nowhere in the speech was there any evidence of the Dr. Fess spread eagle school of economics, which has influenced so much Republican thought for the last forty years—the philosophy which produced the "full dinner-pail" banners of McKinley's day, the "fourteen million radios" speech of Mr. Hoover, and the "Hoover for Prosperity" slogan of the last campaign. At the close of his speech, in fact, it was clear that Mr. Stimson has chosen discretion as the better part of valor and has joined Mr. Legge of the Farm Board in telling the truth and letting the chips fall where they may. Mr. Legge made it clear that the Republican party can only help the farmer to help himself. Mr. Stimson makes it clear that the Republican party can only help the business man to help himself. There isn't any Santa Claus. Hugo N. Frye is dead. Prosperity by political party is a vanished superstition.

For a party like the Republican party, this is an immense step forward. One of the greatest disappointments of the Hoover régime has been the manner in which the political prosperity myth has been bolstered by spokesmen for the administration. Beginning in December of last year with Mr. Mellon's prediction that spring would bring a revival in business, a whole series of optimistic statements upon business conditions and employment has flowed from Washington. When Mr. Mellon has not been at bat, Secretary Lamont or Assistant Secretary Klein of the Commerce Department has. When any of these three seemed about played out, former Secretary of Labor Davis or President Hoover himself has stepped to the plate. Thus in December, according to Mr. Mellon, a general revival was to come in March. In January, Mr. Hoover believed that unemployment would be largely overcome before spring. In March, not only were normal conditions to be reached in May, according to Mr. Lamont, but the expected rise in jobs, unfortunately delayed, was again prophesied, this time by Mr. Davis. When, alas, none of these things materialized, as June melted into July, and August came and went, the quite undiscouraged Dr. Klein discovered for September consumption that normal conditions would return by October. Moreover, Secretary Lamont perceived, for the second time, that the downward course of trade had really been halted now and consumers were buying once more, presumably in those twelve unnamed states (according to Mr. Hoover) in which the depression had been felt. Of unemployment, nothing more was said. The presumption being that there was nothing more to say.

Meanwhile, what were the actual facts about the country? They are well stated by the monthly Survey of the Guaranty Trust Company, just issued for December. Says the Survey: "Thus far, there is no clear indication whether the slight advances in industrial operations and trade volumes have any significance, beyond the usual stimulus provided by the advent of the autumn season and the moving of the crops." So far as business activity is concerned, the upward trend has been scarcely visible in the reports, most of which show further declines. Where consumers are in question, the decline in purchasing has been and is still going on, ten months after Mr. Mellon's first prediction. Payrolls and unemployment did not gain last winter, nor last spring, nor this summer. They fell off still further in August. To make matters still less encouraging, the general level of farm prices has been and is now lower than at any time during the panic of 1921. Many of the basic conditions necessary to immediate business recovery have been and still are totally lacking. After all the guff, there are more people out of work than ever. All this while the gentlemen at Washington have been keeping up the ballyhoo; and the stock market, with more common sense, has been groping about on the bottom.

Obviously, such treatment of the facts is not calculated to increase confidence in the Republican party. Such a method of meeting a business depression does not constitute, in Mr. Stimson's words, a financial policy to be trusted. It has constituted just the reverse. In so far as it has achieved anything, it has given the death thrust to the old superstition of Republican prosperity and sagacity.

▶▶ THE history of the progress of mankind is in great part the history of man's attempts to free himself from superstition. Any brief study of the history of medicine or of the history of science will make this perfectly clear. Particularly, where medicine is concerned, until superstition was overthrown and clear diagnosis made practical, cure was impossible. Likewise, so long as superstition enveloped the character of the elements, science was helpless. Politically speaking, this country has been afflicted for the last forty years with the superstition that the Republican party is the producer of prosperity and the guardian of the Ark of the Covenant. Principally, this has come about through simple association of ideas. The Republican party has been in office during most of these last forty years, and those years have been the ones of America's greatest economic growth. Naturally, Republicans have fostered the idea that they are responsible for all the nation's blessings. The truth seems to be, however, that Republican prosperity has actually been merely one of those superstitions which needed to be done away with before the economic problems of the country could be progressively solved. If the world wide depression of 1929 and 1930 has no other result for America than this, it may in the long run be worth all it has cost.

The Editors

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▶▶ New Worlds to Conquer ◀◀

By PHILIP M. BARR

DURING the past ten years a new interest has been displayed in one of mankind's oldest and most unpractical visions—visiting the moon and stars. After being for so long the province of novelists and other romantic speculators, it has suddenly been taken up by hard-headed men of science, not to mention the general public. It has ceased to be fiction and become "News"—even if only rather hypothetical news. There is the German Interplanetary Society, numbering 1,000 members, and now, smaller but equally determined, has appeared the American Interplanetary Society. Not even the disquieting rumors of "Cosmic Rays"—strong ultra-violet radiations which, if they exist, will force the explorer in inter-stellar space to protect his celestial car with a coating of lead six feet thick—not even this possibility scares them off.

Whence this new attitude? It dates from our awakening to the importance of the rocket, as a means of locomotion.

Rockets are by no means new in the game. Cyrano de Bergerac, himself, once described a trip to the moon in a car propelled by rockets. But no one grasped their real significance until the recent researches of Professor Goddard in America, M. Esnault-Pelterie in France, Herrn Oberth, Opel, Valier and others in Germany, showed that nothing but funds are needed to send a rocket to the moon any day we choose.

Funds in abundance, nevertheless. The quantity of fuel needed would be vast—altogether disproportionate to the result. Rockets, as we know them in everyday life, do not escape from the earth because their fuel is exhausted long before their speed is great enough. To land a twenty-ton rocket on the moon we should need 4,000 tons of Goddard's "smokeless powder," for instance. Even the most recent designs would have to carry far more than the rocket's own weight of fuel.

Nobody examining such figures could complain that they sound too good to be true. They are positively gloomy. Yet the mere statement that we hope to land rockets on the moon has been more than many people can swallow—so much so that various writers have backed down and declared that the rockets are intended not for going to the moon but merely for exploring the upper atmosphere. As a matter of fact, the one is not much harder than the other. For if the rocket has enough of a send-off to get clear above our atmosphere with a speed of seven miles a second, it will escape from the earth's gravitational pull and fly on by its own momentum, to the moon or anywhere else we like to send it. A rocket that will carry passengers, however, is something very different. Later, I will explain this very important distinction.

WHAT are the rocket's special qualifications?

Compare it, for instance, with a projectile shot from a gun (a method once suggested by Jules Verne). Once a projectile has been fired off, it begins to slow down, because of the earth's gravity pulling it back; consequently it must be shot out at a terrific speed, if it is to escape from the earth—over seven miles a second as I said before. But a rocket may start as slowly as you please; the charge in its tail while it lasts, will make it go on getting faster and faster (*accelerate,* in fact)—and the more stuff it shoots out per second and the harder it shoots it, the greater will this acceleration be.

All we want is a rocket holding more "fuel" than any yet made—lasting longer, yet weighing less. Then we can forsake the earth and fly about in space.

But what happens when the rocket reaches empty space, where there is no more air to push against, some one asks.

There is never any need for air. What makes rockets go is the ordinary principle of recoil. If a gun shoots a bullet forwards, it must itself fly backwards—the "mean center" of bullet and gun (if both were free to move) would stay in the same place, and the only reason the gun would not move as far as the bullet is that it is much heavier than the bullet. But it will move back a proportionate distance—unless steps are taken to prevent it. In the same way a rocket, by shooting stuff out backwards, propels itself forwards; the presence of air is quite irrelevant.

Now, as I have previously said, all we are trying to do is get up a speed of seven miles a second. Once that is achieved the rocket (providing it has climbed out of the earth's atmosphere) will continue in its course without any more back-firing. The question therefore is how much of a given fuel is required to give it this speed.

Here the trouble begins. The greater the speed of the gas ejected in back-firing, the less weight of fuel (in proportion) will be necessary. But, as I indicated earlier, even the best of present-day fuels back-fire much too slowly to give economical results. Their quantity will always greatly outweigh the rest of the rocket, and the situation is made worse by the necessity of building a frame work strong enough to support this great weight in fuel. The latest scheme is to build multiple rockets; successive sections dropping off when they have shot away all their fuel.

There is one design with three such sections. At no instant does the total fuel outweigh the total load by more than 6 to 1, yet by the time the first two sections have dropped off, what remains in the way of load is no more than *one two-hundredth* of the total weight of fuel consumed on the journey.

This rocket would use Goddard's "smokeless powder." Another design, by Oberth, would be built in *two* sections; the first working by alcohol and oxygen (which back-fires more slowly and would prevent the rocket's getting up too high a speed while rushing through our atmosphere and being scorched), and the second by hydrogen and oxygen, a very rapidly-firing fuel, or possibly atomic hydrogen, the most rapid of all, if a container could be devised to withstand the intense heat it develops.

APART from the howl likely to go up at the thought of 1,000 odd tons of alcohol being shot off into space, these rockets do wear a rather discouraging aspect. But make no mistake about it—they can be built, and landed on the moon into the bargain, where they could then explode and signal their arrival. It is only when we consider them as vehicles for passengers that we draw back in alarm.

It is not merely that they would have to be of extreme size and carry extra fuel for the return voyage, for breaking our fall in landing. By their very nature, the kind of rockets considered above would be unsuitable for carrying human beings.

This is because, however designed, they all have this in common: their

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back-firing stops after they have escaped from the earth's gravitation.

It follows from this that throughout most of the voyage we should be traveling at almost constant speed. This is bad, because as we leave the earth behind us its pull on us would weaken and we should feel "weightless." Gravity would be absent, and only a constantly changing speed—that is an "acceleration"—could make up for this.

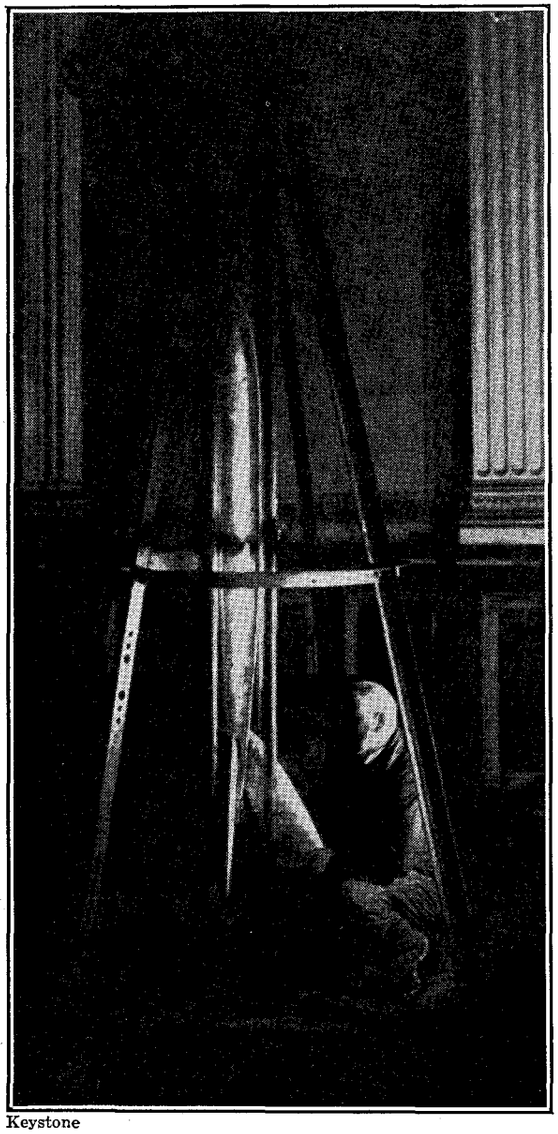
Everybody knows that when you are in a train going at a perfectly steady speed, say, of sixty miles an hour, you feel no motion forward. But while it is *getting up speed,* you feel the back of your seat pressing on you; you are being acted on by *a force.* So as long as the rocket back-fires, that is, continues to increase its speed, a force will press on you and this can be made to replace gravity for you. But in its absence you will feel "weightless."

Mr. Waldemar Kaempffert in a recent article in *The Forum* has described some of the peculiar effects that this would have. Wine would refuse to pour from a bottle and have to be broken out of its exterior, piecemeal, like an egg. He might have added that we should suffer grave discomfort. All the familiar pressures inside us would disappear; we should, in fact, feel as we do in a falling elevator, where these friendly pressures suffer a like removal. This "space-sickness," as it would come to be called, might be got used to; on the other hand it might not.

No—what we want is a rocket that back-fires all the time. We need it anyway if we are going to steer ourselves, or land successfully. The perfect thing would be to start off at almost constant speed, but accelerate as we get farther from the earth, finally settling down to an arrangement by which we steadily increase our speed twenty-two miles an hour every second. For this is the way falling bodies increase in speed when close to the earth —that is as we observe them in everyday life. This is the speeding-up or "acceleration" caused by gravity at the earth's surface, the gravity we are used to. So our having this acceleration in outer space presupposes our being acted on by the same force—that is we should appear to have our usual weight.

All of which demands a revolution in fuel.

HERE I am going to start being Utopian. Let us imagine, not the rocket of tomorrow—probable of occurrence, but useless for passengers—but the rocket of the day after tomorrow, the perfect rocket. It must back-fire both faster and for a longer time than any we have discussed; to do this it will need a fuel immensely more powerful in proportion to its weight than any yet known. The best we have at present is atomic hydrogen, which may be described as releasing intra-molecular energy.



Keystone

Prof. Oberth and the model of his moonrocket

Our perfect rocket will probably work by intra-atomic energy.

I must apologize (I said I was going to be Utopian). People are a little discouraged about intra-atomic energy these days, and feel that it's not quite the likely event they used to suppose. However, it has not been exploded by any means. Suppose (to take one of many daring views) we could make matter "behave like radium, only more so," make it break up—not in the ordinary chemical sense but by a disintegration of its very atoms, and (unlike radium at present) do so very rapidly. To start this process, an enormously high electric voltage would have to be applied—but there is always the chance that, once started, it would go on of its own accord. Atoms of oxygen, say, would split, producing the smaller atoms of some other gas—and the vast energy locked up in these "parent" oxygen atoms would send the new "child" atoms on their way with a grand flying kick. They would be shot forth at something like 10,000 miles a second.

A rocket shooting out gas at that speed would do our business. A 50-ton rocket car could be kept speeding up for a whole day (at the required twenty-two miles an hour every second) by the discharge of three tons of such fuel, and imagination boggles at what its speed would be by that time.

Let us face it—more than five-hundred miles a second. But it would not hurt us a bit so long as we continued in a straight path. Only *change* of speed, or change in direction, is able to exert a force on us, and consequently do us any harm. Speed, as such, means nothing.

Going to the moon in a car like this seems a mere bagatelle. A distance only ninety times as far away as London?—why, we could do it in under four hours. Besides, the moon is cold and dead and has little or no air for us to breathe. Let us aim higher. Let us go to Venus.

Why Venus and not Mars?

It depends on which you prefer: Mars is a safe but unpleasing certainty; Venus is a gamble. Mars is very much too cold, Venus not quite so discouragingly hot. Mars has an atmosphere which undoubtedly contains oxygen but is even thinner than that at the top of Mount Everest, whereas the atmosphere of Venus is still an interesting subject of speculation. It is at any rate toler-

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ably thick; its constitution may or may not be fit for human beings to breathe.

Venus is more than a hundred times as far off as the moon—but the trip would not take a hundred times as long, because we are speeding up as we go. As a matter of fact, it would take about ten times as long—less than two days. But let us consider the details of our voyage.

WE CLIMB into our big, comfortably padded rocket-car, seal up the air-tight manhole, start our high-speed discharge of gas and away. We go fast but at a fairly steady speed to begin with, for comfort's sake. But as we go farther from the earth, its pull on us is weaker, and we speed up—again for comfort's sake, lest we feel "weightless," or "space-sick" without a kind acceleration to "imitate gravity" for us. Also because we are in a hurry; it is Friday afternoon and we have thirty million miles to cover by Sunday. Faster and faster we go. Hours pass, the earth is now far behind us, no longer even a globe—just a brilliant star, the moon a forgotten, almost invisible pin-point of light, while ahead of us growing brighter and brighter is Venus, the star for which we are bound. All around is a black sky studded with innumerable stars—all clearly visible despite the blazing sun, which has no power to efface them once we are outside our atmosphere.

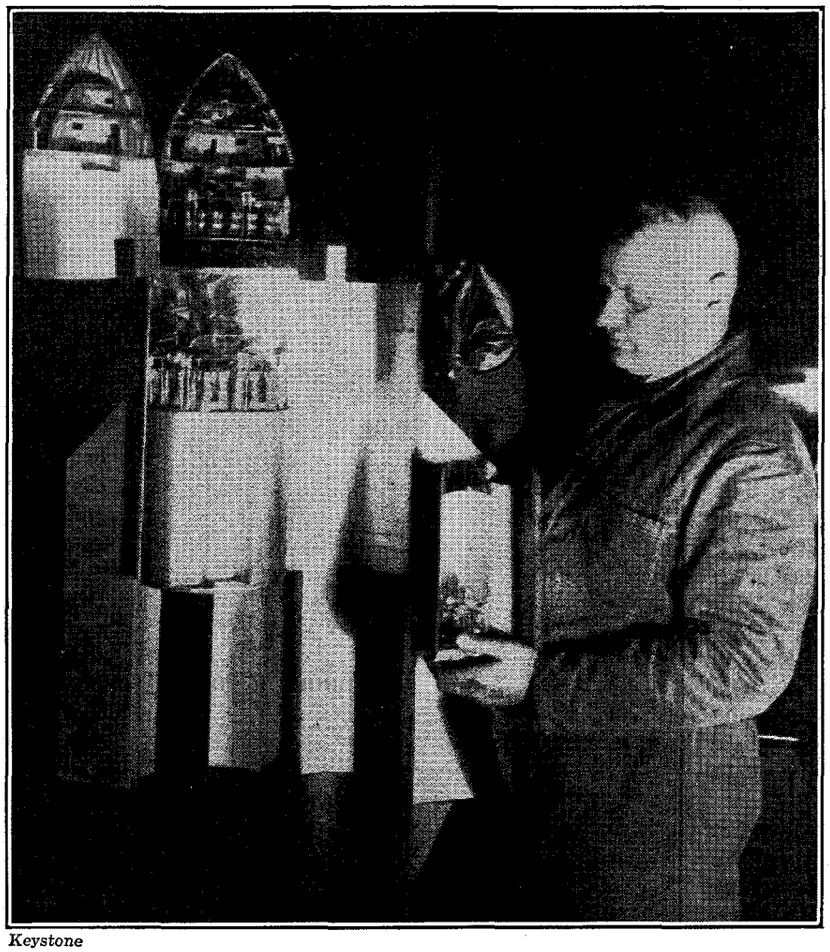
But we must not go on speeding up indefinitely. We are half-way there; now it is time to begin slowing down. Stop shooting the stream of gas out behind; shoot it out ahead. The moment we do this, flop!—we and all our belongings fall onto the ceiling.

It has become our new floor.

This is because the speeding up of the car, its acceleration forward that "imitates gravity" for us, is now over; instead we have a slowing down, a deceleration. This feels like an acceleration in the opposite direction (as may readily be seen if you consider what happens when a train begins to slow down; you fall forwards—it is as if the train were starting to go back). So "up" becomes "down," and "down" becomes "up."

But there is no sudden change in the speed, so we are unhurt.

On we rush towards Venus, but getting slower and slower. Steering is easy, for our rocket-car is constructed like a sort of spherical porcupine, with rockets sticking out of it in all directions. Should we wish to go to the right, we merely discharge one or more of the rockets on our left. Tangentially firing rockets will be needed, too, to swing us back if we should begin to twist round and round. Now Venus is no longer a star, but a great white lune; now it fills all the horizon. We are just above it; we are going slowly, but still fast enough to hurt ourselves if we should choose a bad landing place or time our final slowing-up unskillfully. We spy a rift in the clouds, seize our chance and—down!



Keystone

Interior of the moonrocket model

What shall we find? Conditions that will enable us to live? May we climb out and explore—or must we remain cooped up in our car, take a few photographs and come home all but empty-handed?

Opinions differ. We shall, of course, be very hot (being thirty per cent nearer the sun), but probably not insufferably, if we land in the polar regions (the mean temperature on Venus is supposed to be about sixty degrees higher than on the earth). On the other hand many people believe that the atmosphere contains no oxygen, and without oxygen we should surely perish. But let us be optimistic.

We climb out and behold a new and strange, possibly terrifying landscape. Venus is at an earlier stage of development than our earth, just as Mars is at a later. Mr. H. G. Wells in his *War of the Worlds* described Martians as creatures far in advance of us in intelligence; Venus then, may be a world of primeval forests, of monsters more fearsome than the dinosaur.

It is likely, anyhow, to be fairly tropical and jungly, and it may also be very foggy. Nearly all of our uncertainty about Venus—its atmospheric conditions, time of rotation and so on—arises from the thick blanket of cloud which enfolds it, and this may be the mark of a general humidity. The whole scene may be lapped in impenetrable mist; the first expedition may be sadly disappointed and come back grumbling about a "cross between the steam-room in a Turkish bath and the New York subway in summer," and complain bitterly of the difficulty in seeing six inches in front of one's nose, let alone doing any serious exploring.

On the other hand the sun (nearly twice as bright as it is here) should

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Out Where the Turn Begins

ON THE first leg of a land-cruise which will extend as far west as Wichita, the potential if not the actual air capital of the country, we have buttonholed business men on trains, in hotels, restaurants, clubs and offices, and tried to draw them out. It was easy, for they all seemed to want to talk, and the conviction that "the worst is over" was so generally and so positively expressed that we are strongly inclined to believe that they are right.

First stop, Philadelphia. There the significant thing was the throngs of people in the department stores and other retail establishments. And they were not merely shopping—they were buying. Then Pittsburgh, which is fully as cheerful as could be expected with steel production down about 30% from a year ago and the coal industry still in the doldrums.

Then a string of southern Michigan cities—Detroit, all pepped up by the resumption of activity in automobile manufacture; Jackson, which provides parts and accessories, and generally prospers when Detroit does; Battle Creek, with its huge Post and Kellogg enterprises and a Sanitarium known around the world; and Kalamazoo, with its dozen paper mills and its army of celery producers.

At Jackson, after dark, the Lindbergh Beacon in Chicago, more than 200 miles to the west, was clearly visible. So on to Chicago, where the crowds in Marshall Field's and the other big stores rivaled those in Philadelphia. Buying power, which has been dammed up for many months, is being released.

Page Professor Malthus

ALTHOUGH complete data on the census of 1930 are not yet available, economists and statisticians have begun to generalize on such figures as have been released, and one of the things they have discovered is that about thirty years from now the population of the United States is going to stop growing.

So far as we are concerned, it does not need to wait thirty years or even thirty minutes. There are too many people in our midst right now, particularly on Bronx express trains in the subway, where "in our midst" applies with peculiar fitness. Also, there are too many people in office-building elevators at lunch time, and too many rushing for trains in the Grand Central district between five and six P.M., and decidedly too many residing in Cicero, Illinois.

Our population is increasing at the rate of about 1,000,000 a year, but the rate of increase is declining. Along about 1960, the statistical forecasters say, our population will reach a state of equilibrium. It will become "older," which is to say that it will have a larger proportion of elder adults and a smaller proportion of children.

What are we going to do about it? Well, we must try to tie this information up to business in some practical way. Suppose we suggest that dealers in clothing and dry goods make (do it now!) this memorandum on their tickler for July 1, 1959: "Increase orders for goods for men and women; decrease ditto for children."

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) September 25—83.1. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) September 25—73.9.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended September 13—965,713 cars (increase of 109,076 over preceding week; reduction of 187,561 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended September 20—60% of capacity (increase of 2% over preceding week; reduction of 23% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended September 20—daily average gross 2,421,800 barrels (increase of 2,050 over preceding week; reduction of 502,700 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended September 20—3,569,000 bushels (increase of 999,000 over preceding week; reduction of 871,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended September 25—$8,967,008,000 (reduction of 9.1% under preceding week and 37.2% under same week of 1929.

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended September 25—488 (reduction of 9 under preceding week; increase of 60 over same week of 1929).

Your Seven Pencils

SPEAKING of the Census Bureau, it enumerates not only people but products, and the census of manufactures brought out the interesting fact that 842,780,160 wooden pencils were made in the United States last year, an average of about seven apiece for every man, woman and child in the country. After making a careful survey, we estimate that 86.7% of these were used for writing and 13.3% for chewing. It is understood that the manufacturers of plug tobacco, licorice sticks and chewing gum are about to organize against this encroachment on their sales preserves.

In addition to this sizable output of wooden pencils, we managed to find use for 23,103,936 mechanical pencils, 248,284,160 brass and steel pen points, 13,922,064 fountain pens and 588,769 typewriters. The value of the pencils is estimated at $27,692,122; of the pens and fountain pens $33,923,444; and the typewriters $31,368,939. Carbon paper and inked ribbons to the value of $16,224,724 were also made and distributed.

These products, which are used largely as office supplies and equipment, indicate that a lot of offices were busy during 1929. Some of the pencils were doubtless used up in the making of time-killing hieroglyphics on scratch-pads, but probably more of them had a part in transactions which were financially worth while. It is very likely that 1930 will show reduced penciling, but we have strong hopes for a revival, due to profit-figuring, during 1931.

What They Are Not

IN HIS meaty little book *Investment Trusts—How and Why* (Rena Press $2) Israel Baruch Leibson of the New York Bar performs a service to investors by starting out with a chapter on "Pseudo Investment Trusts."

An honest-to-goodness investment trust *invests and reinvests* its funds for the purpose of deriving income primarily from the dividends and interest that accrue on the securities it has purchased, and secondarily from the turnover or profit on the sale of securities that have appreciated in price.

A securities trading trust, on the other hand, *trades in securities* for the purpose of deriving income primarily from the turnover, and only secondarily from the interest or dividends that become payable while the securities are owned by it.

Then there is the holding corporation, and the stock-pool. These, says Mr. Leibson, are no more investment trusts than a large fish is a whale. They differ as much as a fish does from a mammal. It is all right for you to put your money into them if you wish, but you should understand clearly what you are doing. You should proceed with your eyes open, as investment is no game of blind man's buff.

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▶▶ Tilden: the Linesman's Pal ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

UNDENIABLY the umpires and linesmen who have been heckled, harassed, and humiliated by William T. Tilden II since he first bestrode the world of tennis like a colossus, will be relieved to know that he is nearing the end of his competitive rope. The master's recent defeat by Johnny Doeg—whose game is ill-balanced—was the handwriting on the backstop.

Tilden will be missed, but not by the hapless gentlemen who sit resignedly in camp chairs ranged along the courtside, eyes glued on the whitewashed lines. The martyrdom will end when their gangling Nemesis hangs up his spiked shoes and lays away his enchanted racket.

Nobody loves a linesman, but no other tennis player has openly registered such scorn and contempt for members of this lowly caste as Tilden. Always a thankless job, sitting on a line becomes an embarrassing post when Big Bill is a participant. He lets no opportunity slip to show up the wretched linesman who has called a ball out which Tilden happens to think nicked the chalkmark.

Much may be forgiven genius, yet when you have made every allowance for Tilden's sensitive nature, his tautly-keyed nervous system, his competitive keenness, the fact remains that he frequently oversteps the bounds of common courtesy. Actions which are condoned as "tennis temperament" might well be interpreted as downright bad manners.

Alone, among all the great champions, Tilden has persistently badgered officials who were doing the best they could to give impartial rulings. Please don't infer from these remarks that Tilden means to be unfair—that he intimidates linesmen in order to get more than he is entitled to. On the contrary, I have seen him glower at a linesman who awarded him a point which he did not think he had earned, and then proceed, with elaborate ostentation, to throw the next point.

No, Tilden doesn't want anything that isn't rightly his, but he insists upon arrogating to himself the privilege of deciding such moot questions. In short, he proposes to be both player and umpire, both competitor and linesman. He is determined to make line decisions himself on the medieval theory that the king can do no wrong.

Tilden entertains the notion that he is an actor. Dramatic critics seem to disagree, but he will find ample support among tennis linesmen who have found his histrionics too realistic for comfort. The Tilden technique, when ruffled by a decision, consists of flinging both arms heavenward in supplication and shaking his head sadly as though to say, "Ye gods, that such crimes can be committed in the name of justice!" He varies this ritual by pointing with his racket at the spot where the ball actually struck (as Tilden saw it) and shrugging his expressive shoulders, a gesture that implies—"Oh, what's the use!"

Truth compels the admission that Tilden is frequently right in these controversies. To err is human and linesmen are anything but supermen. Big Bill, like the Indian elephant, neither forgets nor forgives. "Sorry, Sam, your eyesight is so bad today!" That flip remark, addressed to Samuel Hardy in the umpire's chair, pricked the latter's judicial pride, but he had no adequate comeback.

POINTS have been thrown in tennis since the days of the Renshaws, but it remained for Tilden to make a fine art of this picturesque practice, to put it on a mass production basis, so to speak. Not content with presenting a rival with a paltry point to even up for a bad decision, Tilden has thrown an entire set! This epic in generosity occurred in a Davis cup tie against Australia. Jim Anderson was the beneficiary. At set point, in Tilden's favor, the American drove a whistling backhander which, to the crowd, seemed to strike just beyond the base line. The linesman said nothing, thus awarding the set to Tilden. Whereupon the crowd, as mobs will, shouted "Out!"

Tilden was palpably nettled. He couldn't throw the next point, because the set was over, so he proceeded to make Anderson a present of the next set. It was patent to everybody that Big Bill wasn't trying. He petulantly skied drives far out of court or batted set-ups into the net. Anderson didn't know what to make of such studied chivalry.

There are two schools of thought concerning the matter of throwing points. One holds that it is a sportsman-like way of righting an injustice. The other contends that it is a theatrical gesture which doesn't really even things up (you have to throw two points to actually equalize the strategic situation) but which does constitute a direct slur on the linesman's eyesight if not on his honesty. Who ever saw a point thrown unobtrusively? The donor wants to hear his gallantry applauded.

The contretemps at Rye, when Tilden quit the court in a huff because certain boorish spectators gave him what is popularly called "the razz," is still fresh in mind. Newspaper reporters supported Tilden's action with a unanimity born of hostility toward the Westchester Country Club, but I can't help feeling that he had it coming to him.

Tilden took the court that day despite an injured hip which hobbled his ability to cover. He might well have defaulted, but having elected to play, it was up to him to finish out the string without employing his injury as an alibi. Midway in this match against young Clifford Sutter, Tilden's limp became exaggerated. He was actually suffering, but an ill-bred clique in the stands decided to pay him back in kind for his shabby treatment of linesmen. They commented audibly on his lack of sportsmanship, insinuated that he was feigning pain to escape a drubbling.

I admit that the provocation was great, yet I feel that Tilden owed an obligation to his rival. By walking out on the crowd, Tilden cheapened Sutter's victory, deprived him of the satisfaction accruing from an earned triumph. Big Bill couldn't take his own medicine.

TILDEN has done more to popularize Tennis than any player past or present, has given freely of his time and genuine enthusiasm to promote the game he loves, but it is likewise true that his frequent bickering with umpires and coercive tactics toward linesmen have tended to break down the morale of a corps of arbiters whose presence is necessary if tennis —a game based on questions of fact—is to survive as a competitive sport.

When medals for valor are handed out, Umpire Hawks, who stagemanaged the recent championship at Forest Hills, should not be overlooked. Hawks had the nerve to call Tilden's bluff, when Big Bill threatened to withdraw if he was compelled to share the center court with the Doeg-Hunter match. "The champion

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▶▶ Gold, Goods and Prices ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THE most comprehensive of our index numbers of wholesale prices —that compiled by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics— shows that prices have declined 16 per cent during the past four years. The most significant thing about this decline is that seven-eighths of it has occurred during the past twelve months. The trend of prices has been downward for ten years, and yet during most of this time general business has been expanding in volume, gaining in efficiency and showing many signs of prosperity.

Experience shows that a moderate recession in prices is not inconsistent with economic well-being and in many ways may be conducive to it. When prices are rising rapidly and profits are obtained easily both labor and management are likely to become careless; production then becomes wasteful, and there is little incentive to improvement. But if prices are shading off a bit it becomes necessary to stop the little leaks if profits are to be retained; and so economies are introduced, and there is a tendency to brace up all along the line.

IF WE look back to the period from 1926 to 1929 we may find a good illustration of the tonic effect of a moderate price recession. In these three years prices declined about 2.5 per cent, and yet this was a time of marked economic progress, with many lines of business enjoying unexampled prosperity. When prices ceased to move gently downward, however, and began to break badly, as occurred during the past year, the story became altogether different. Little economies cannot remedy a situation of this sort. By the time that raw materials purchased at a given price level are made up into finished goods, prices have moved to a lower level, and it may be impossible to market the goods at what it cost to produce them.

The first impulse of a manufacturer under such conditions is to save money by producing less. Payrolls consequently shrink, and as general buying power recedes production is curtailed still further, and the situation for a time goes from bad to worse.

A lively dispute is now developing with regard to the causes of the recent acceleration in the price decline. In England there is a wide-spread tendency to attribute the downward trend largely to the defects of the gold standard. In September, for example, the Manchester Chamber of Commerce forwarded a resolution to Premier MacDonald declaring that "there is not likely to be a yearly increase in the production of gold adequate to sustain the full volume of the world productive capacity and maintain a profitable price level of commodities."

Large numbers of merchants and industrialists in Great Britain believe that the restoration of the pound to its gold parity in 1925 was premature, and that the country ever since has been in the grip of a hard-money depression. Others regard the gold standard as of only minor consequence in the recent drop in prices and see in the rapid mechanization of industry and the consequent overproduction the main cause of the present painful conditions.

In striking contrast with the Manchester resolution is the recent declaration of the Sheffield Chamber of Commerce that the reason why the steel-products industries of that city are not working at full capacity is that their capacity was trebled during the War. "The fact is," it said, "that Sheffield today is actually turning out annually 50 per cent more steel and steel products than she did in her very best pre-war years."

In this country, where the gold standard was maintained intact during the War, relatively little attention has been paid by others than professional economists and a few bankers to the monetary situation as a possible factor in price fluctuations. Business men see on every hand conclusive evidence of overproduction, and this has received the major share of their attention.

Overproduction is in some measure a by-product of the war-time expansion of industrial equipment. Strange to say, it is also due in part to the long-run downward trend of prices. This trend in turn is closely connected with the failure of the world's gold supply to keep pace with the expansion of commerce and industry. So there may be no real conflict between the Manchester and Sheffield points of view, after all.

There are probably many who will mock at the idea that the amount of gold in the world can have anything to do with an oversupply of textiles or steel products. Others who try to solve economic puzzles by rule-of-thumb will probably scoff at the suggestion that a recession of prices can stimulate production; they have always heard that the thing works the other way around. As to this last objection, we can only cite the concrete fact that in recent years prices have declined, and that while they were doing so production has expanded, all preconceived notions to the contrary notwithstanding.

NOW a word as to the effects of the gold supply. History shows that after every great war of recent times prices have receded for several decades. The decline after the Napoleonic wars was not definitely checked until a new supply of gold was discovered in California. The decline after our Civil War was not checked until new gold was found in the Klondike and on the South African Rand. Since the World War prices have been behaving very much as they did after these other conflicts.

Meantime, the world's output of gold is not keeping up its pre-war record. Furthermore, the central banks of many nations are scrambling for gold to build up their reserves for the support of their re-established gold standards. Approximately ninety per cent of all the world's gold now lies in the vaults of the central banks or in government treasuries. At the same time the world's production of goods has been increasing, and so we now have too little gold and too much goods.

This may account for the drop of about 2.5 per cent in prices from 1926 to 1929, but it is not an adequate explanation of the break of about 14 per cent between August, 1929, and August, 1930. It seems very well established that two forces have been working simultaneously in recent months to depress the price level. One is the gold scarcity, and the other is overproduction, which is a result in part of excess plant capacity due to the War and in part to the worldwide resort to mechanized industry, mass production, standardization and the various other processes which Europeans designate collectively as rationalization.

The desire to bring down production costs through this industrial transformation is itself prompted in part by the need of meeting a sagging price level induced by the enhanced value of gold. Thus we see that Manchester and Sheffield are both right.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Puritan and Patriot

THE present vogue of biography is due by no means solely to a newly-awakened interest in the lives of individuals; it is to be ascribed rather to a new national conscience. For reasons that are as admirable as they are obvious, we are becoming filled with an unprejudiced curiosity regarding the actual founders of this country. Myths that amount to downright mythology regarding the leaders of the past are being swept away to the end that we may see precisely how our national rating came into being.

Two lusty specimens of the new biography are *Mr. and Mrs. John Quincy Adams: An Adventure in Patriotism* by Dorothie Bobbé, and *Jonathan Edwards: The Fiery Puritan* by Henry Bamford Parkes. Both of these books are published by Minton, Balch & Company, the external make-up is exactly the same and each sells for $3.50. Mrs. Bobbé's "Adams," however, has vastly the greater number of words in it, is written with unrelieved admiration for her protagonists, and is in general more interesting than Mr. Parkes's "Edwards." To make Jonathan Edwards, however, as interesting as John Quincy Adams would be certain proof that Mrs. Bobbé had not succeeded in acquitting Adams of the charge of coldness, which she has done, and additional proof that Mr. Parkes had wittingly evaded the traditional dourness of Edwards, which he has not done. In plain words, Mrs. Bobbé set out to show that the Adams's were lovely people; and nobody could stop her. Mr. Parkes embarked on his voyage of discovery determined to show that the majority of what may be termed our blue-law-ills are to be traced to Mr. Edwards; and nobody stopped him. The result is two splendid biographies, which to be enjoyed need only to be read; but they must be read with skeptic thoughtfulness.

On page 253, Mr. Parkes writes: "It is hardly a hyperbole to say that, if Edwards had never lived, there would be today no blue laws, no societies for the suppression of vice, no Volstead act." On the reading of this, some might and others will exclaim: "Thank God, then, that he lived!" This, however, is poles removed from the interpretation Mr. Parkes has in and on his mind. What he means is that Jonathan Edwards is directly responsible for the ubiquitous laws that are based on the minding of somebody else's business.

There is a spiritual world and there is a material world. In the former the man who does the deed is the only one who could do it. If Shakespeare had never written *Hamlet* there would be no *Hamlet*. But if Edison (or some one else) had never invented an electric bulb, some one else would have done it—about fifty-one years ago. And if Jonathan Edwards had never reached a hot hell for those who smoke, dance, wear dyed clothes, and think on Sunday, somebody else would, and indeed Mr. Parkes cites numerous examples of those who did commit these crimes both *ante* and *post* the viperish gospel of his hero.

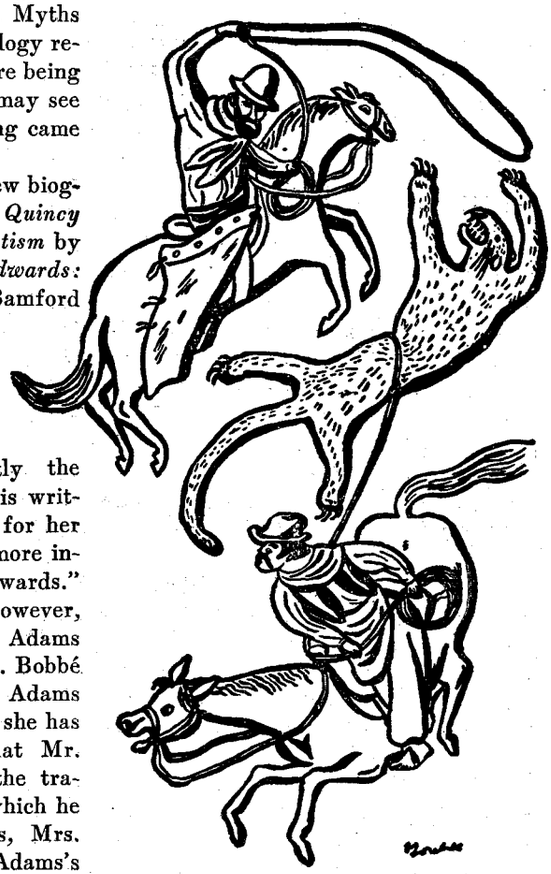

Illustration by Mordecai Gorelik in "Tales from the Argentine" (Farrar and Rinehart)

Mr. Parkes could have said with equal equanimity that had Jonathan Edwards never lived, there would have been no Yale, no Williams College, not much of a Princeton, and a Harvard that could not find jobs for its graduates. Tell any of the living alumni of these institutions that, and you will fancy for the moment that the Kingdom of the Devil has come to curse sinful man for his collegiate vituperation.

In this ascription of unique achievement to Jonathan Edwards Mr. Parkes has, it must be admitted, company. He quotes in one place the "prominent supporter" of Andrew Jackson who insisted "that Edwards's philosophy was the foundation of the Democratic Party." We are finding out at last where the ideals of this country originated.

No man lives unto himself, if he is big enough to provoke a biography once he is dead and semi-forgotten. Mr. Parkes throws radiant light on all of Edwards's leading contemporaries, with especial reference to such men as Backus the Baptist, Hawley and Breck of general fame, the flexible Jeremiah Dummer, the eloquent but somewhat unpsychoanalyzed Whitefield, and the very Reverend Joseph Bellamy. Just why poor Jonathan Edwards should be singled out for a whipping by Mr. Parkes is not clear in view of what we are told about Mr. Bellamy, whose detestation of dancing was enough to give a modern man all the affliction of which St. Vitus was capable.

Mr. Parkes has written a good book; but it is on this very issue that honesty compels objection and even critical rebuke. He knows no language virile enough to express his loathing of what took place at the revivals run off in the first half of the eighteenth century. True enough; they were bad. Sobriety or decorum they knew not, nor did they seem to stop the sins that then flourished in New England. But when has mass psychology ever been characterized by decency or intelligence? What could be more imbecile than the "thuses" that accompany football games, or more filled with lunacy than nine-tenths of the antics that go with a national convention? Jonathan Edwards may have

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been a freak; but remember Yale, Harvard, Williams, and Princeton!

Mrs. Bobbé has gone at her job in a wholly different spirit. She has shown us what the Adams family loved and how they lived. Her pages abound in paragraphs, sometimes as many as a dozen to a page. Every time Mrs. Adams appears at a public function we have a description of her dress down to delicate minutiae; she even comments with delight on the figure J. Q. himself cut when as an old man he stood on the banks of the Potomac stripped to the epidermis ready for his plunge. There is an immense amount of small talk, but this reviewer will be happy to present a copy to the reader who finds a page in the book that does not stand up, shine with brilliancy, and call you on to what follows. The account of the journey made by Mrs. Adams and the children from St. Petersburg to Paris, where she was to join her husband, whom distinction never allowed to linger long in one place, is as thrilling as the best account of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, though be it said Mrs. Adams's was no retreat; it was a triumphal parade.

But our national ideals: Where did they come from? Read this book. There is no space to list the uncomely allusions to such Democrats as Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson; indeed to any of those southerners whose tongue was as diligent as it was eloquent, and whose national loves did not emanate from those New England towns after which the N.Y.C. and N.Y., N.H. & H. name their Pullmans. This simply must be passed over. When Boston writes on the square about Richmond it will be when everybody down east will be a Gamaliel Bradford.

Nor is there space to elaborate on the "fact" that John Quincy Adams, and not Monroe, was the author of, and the one in all essential ways responsible for, the Monroe Doctrine. This may be passed over with the remark that the Monroe Doctrine is not of the spiritual world; it is in truth a quite material thing. Of course more than one man made it a reality, and a concept for students of international law to write seminar papers on. One thing is certain: No man ever entered the White House, or performed patriotic work of any nature, who had a broader and more intelligent outlook on the world than John Quincy Adams. He knew the leading capitals of Europe and Asia as well as he knew Barnstable or Braintree. And he knew them inwardly as well as outwardly. He knew their languages; their people; their customs; their foods; their fears; their hopes; their charms; their pasts.

The best story Mrs. Bobbé tells of him is this: He was trying to teach a grandchild the alphabet. Signing a treaty at Ghent or inaugurating a new policy at Paris was child's play in comparison. To see where the real trouble lay, he set himself the concomitant task of learning the Hebrew alphabet: that was one language that had given him trouble. Mr. Adams could well have created the Monroe Doctrine, even if by another name it works as well.

But Mrs. Bobbé's best "contribution" to Adams lore lies in the light she throws on Lincoln's initial interest in Slavery. Mr. Lincoln was a member of the House at the time that Mr. Adams was most determined to eradicate Slavery once and for all and completely. Mr. Adams spoke often and well. Mr. Lincoln listened and listened and listened. He remained silent, until a more authoritative season. The rest is history (with an admixture of myth). Born politician that Abraham Lincoln was, with his soul searching for a plank, we have here the most plausible theory ever set forth of the motivation of Abraham Lincoln's anti-Slavery principles.

A few more biographies such as this, and we will know how this country came by its ideals.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

The Week's Reading

R. v. R. *The Life and Times of Rembrandt van Rijn* by Hendrik Van Loon (Liveright $5) is the sort of book that most lovers and students of history must at some time have wanted to write. Van Loon need not have explained, as he does in his comment, that he wrote the book to please himself. It has all the earmarks of a labor of love and leisure, and, as such, is particularly acceptable to those readers who find the worked-up excitement and the hurry of modern journalistic writing (from which taint Van Loon's earlier books are not free) distasteful. It is no doubt his long association with artists as well as his admiration for Rembrandt's work which caused Van Loon to select the painter as the figure about which to build an informal history of sixteenth century Holland, her social, mental and moral habits, her politics, foreign and domestic, and her economic situation. For this he selects a delightful form, full of possibilities. He pretends to have discovered the fat and rambling diary of an ancestor, an eminent surgeon, philosopher of parts, and traveler who was Rembrandt's friend. This old Johannis is your perfect diarist. He is interested in everything and knows something about most things; he will try everything once

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and write about it; he has an open mind and a generous heart; he is hard to fool but easy to delight. And, as luck will have it, he meets in the course of his life a good many people who were great in their day or have since been recognized as great. It is not every man who can sit down in Peter Stuyvesant's study and discuss with him the follies of Dutch colonial policy, or talk with Spinoza of the good life, or write of Shakespeare as the well known English court hack who created such a lot of ill feeling against the Jews. Rembrandt's tragic, triumphant life is the heart of the diary. Around it are woven Johannis' experiences and ideas and the experiences and ideas of the men with whom he talked in Holland and in New Amsterdam between 1630 and 1670. These were Holland's great days as a world power. Van Loon gives a vivid picture of her foreign and colonial affairs, of Puritan influence, of the attitude of a commercial society toward new ideas and toward the arts. His book is very long indeed. But its chapters are pleasantly disconnected and may be read here and there. They are all as meandering, discursive and engaging as the experiences of an experienced, urbane and tolerant old man should be. *R. v. R.* should delight any reader from fifteen up who will approach it with some of the leisure and the love of the subject which have gone into the writing of it.

Miss Mole by E. H. Young (Harcourt, Brace $2.50) is a novel which moves at an even tempo of keen observation and quiet humor, accelerated only rarely by emotion. It is the study of a lady who makes her living as governess, companion, housekeeper, whatnot, in the small households of provincial England. Except for the fact that the quite necessary thread of plot is sometimes lost, the novel is, in its brilliant, fragile way, faultless. As Miss Mole guards her wayward tongue from the repetition of the secrets of herself and others, so E. H. Young forbears to fill up the little gaps in her narrative through which a realist author would holler and stamp. As a character study, the novel is subtle, penetrating and honest. As a romance, it is completely free from sentimentality. And as a piece of literature, it is quite unaffected by the writing currents of the day and sits securely in its tiny niche in the great edifice of English letters.

F. L. R.

Just as the average man's attic becomes cluttered up in time with things that no longer fit into the daily routine, so does a great writer's mind accrete with the passing of years a host of ideas that somehow got left out of his regular works. Arnold Bennett is no longer young, and he has written nearly eighty books. His *Journal of Things Old and New* (Doubleday, Doran $2) might well have been entitled "Things That Have Interested Me, Fourth Series," unless it be that Mr. Bennett himself feels that here he is in superior vein. With an audacious sprightliness that is as rare as it is engaging, Arnold Bennett leaps from one subject to another with no attempt to juxtapose likes and no cheap scheme for the conjuring up of dislikes. The book shows the author's mind in action: we have a mental barrage. The comment on hotels is gorgeous; the statement that a great modern hotel offers a splendid theme to a novelist is heavy with thought. Mr. Bennett throws some light of surprising color on the general sale of his works, his whacks at the conservatism of the older universities should make them call a special meeting of the Council, his thoughts on Ibsen's parochialism as brought on by living in Bergen are worth the price of the entire volume, and his bald statement that he has in reality written only four books should, in so far as it is true, be corrected, for he has now added a fifth. You cannot read this book without undergoing permanent improvement.

A. W. P.

Henry Irving by Gordon Craig (Longmans $3) and *Taking the Curtain Call* by Doris Arthur Jones (Macmillan $4) are two of the week's books which will interest and entertain lovers of the stage. Mr. Craig, son of Ellen Terry, is an authority on stage management, production and æsthetics. He played for several years with Irving at the Lyceum, and knew him intimately. His book is not a Life—Bram Stoker did that thoroughly, even if, as Henry Arthur Jones says, "sloppily." Mr. Craig gives us brilliant, illuminating views of Irving on the stage, as manager and in private life. His mannerisms, his theories of art, his astounding attention to detail, his stage tricks, his talk are here to the life. A striking instance of realistic narrative is Craig's point-to-point, dramatic description of what a man in the audience did see and hear after Irving's entrance on the stage in *The Bells*. Irving had his peculiarities, not only in gait (stage gait that is, for Craig says he never walked that way off stage), but also in pronunciation, as "Cut thrut dug" for "Cut throat dog." But somehow his oddities seemed a part of his genius. To Ellen Terry he said, "For an actor who can't walk, can't talk, and has no face to speak of, I've done pretty well." Mr. Craig is so satisfying when he tells things that one readily excuses his breathless, familiar way of chatting with his reader and his onslaughts on William Archer, Bernard Shaw and all non-Irving-worshippers—often made quite un-apropos to his subject. He atones, however, in an epilogue where he pictures Irving's spirit as looking at his manuscript and, when told that the title was to be *Henry Irving*, saying, "Why not call it *George Bernard Shaw?*"

Miss Doris Jones gives us in one large volume the Life and Letters of her father, Henry Arthur Jones. The book abounds in letters from writers, actors and other men of note, and is a welcome side-view of English stage and social life during a long generation. Miss Jones has been wise in painting her father as he was, with his foibles and excitability. Daughter and father loved each other, and to show him as he was makes him more real than any stilted encomium could. H. A. J., as his daughter calls him, wrote about a hundred plays. She laughed when he told her so, but it was a fact. Naturally, many of them were slight, unproduced things. His *Silver King, Saints and Sinners, Middlemen* and *Masqueraders* are among the best known. They are not society comedies but what may be termed moral melodramas. H. A. J. had an even greater following in America than in England. Jones was a pugnacious chap. "I've a very choice collection of enemies, thank God," he said. One man with whom he never fell out was Brander Matthews, whom he dearly loved. After being on the best of terms for years, he and Shaw fell out over the War. The quarrel was never made up, although Shaw tried his best. Jones and H. G. Wells split on the same snag. Jones was a farmer's boy. His daughter says that to the end of his days he sometimes dropped his aitches. His early surroundings were Victorian with a dash of Puritan. In spite of inherited irascibility, he was a friendly, honest man. His mind was more like Hall Caine's than like Shaw's. It is laughable, now, to remember that plays by Shaw and by Jones were banned by the same censor, at the same time.

Quiet Streets by Michael Ossorgin (Lincoln, MacVeagh: The Dial Press $2.50) is the Book-of-the-Month Club's choice for October. In it we have for the first time, we believe, a novel written originally in Russian, by a fair-

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Novel: **Miss Mole**, by E. H. Young: Harcourt, Brace.

Biography-History: **R. v. R.**, by Hendrick Van Loon: Liveright.

Miscellaneous: **Roadside Meetings**, by Hamlin Garland: Macmillan.

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minded Russian of literary repute which gives a convincing picture of the revolution of 1917. The author was a radical before the War, returned from exile when the War was on and remained in Russia until 1922 when he was again banished with other intellectuals for his independence and "disinclination to co-operate with the Soviet Government." With this personal history, he should know the wrongs and rights of both sides; and his moderation and desire to present the facts and the truth are obvious. *Quiet Streets* is as remarkable from the point of view of fiction as it is from that of recent history. We realize the men and women in the story as persons and not merely as puppets in the political drama. The author has a love of nature and his descriptive power is notable. Horrors there are in his book—the degraded wretch who acts as executioner of those whose "accounts are settled," as the Soviet phrase goes, is almost unendurable. But there are also fine, unselfish, devoted people, trying to live in a chaotic world, notably the old ornithologist and his daughter. The tone of the book is not bitter. Its object is not to infuriate. As the publisher justly claims, Ossorgin does not write a tract but a transcript of life, and this he does with quiet philosophy and even a touch of humor.

R. D. T.

Behind the Blurbs

A NEW novel by D. H. Lawrence, which was prepared for the press shortly before the author's death, will be published by Knopf in the spring. It is entitled *The Virgin and the Gipsy.* ♣ ♣ ♣ Rockwell Kent's *N by E,* soon to be pub. by Brewer & Warren, is the Christmas selection of the Literary Guild. ♣ ♣ ♣ The Scientific Book Club selects for Oct. John Hodgdon Bradley's *Parade of the Living.* ♣ ♣ ♣ The excellent South Sea stories of John Russell (another of which is being made into a talkie called *The Sea God*) have been collected into one vol. by Norton. There are 36 of them, and if you don't know them, it's a good time to get acquainted. ♣ ♣ ♣ At 7:45 every Tuesday you can now tune in on 15 minutes of book reviews by Alexander Woollcott, The Early Bookworm. Station WABC, with a hook-up of 33 stations from coast to coast. ♣ ♣ ♣ We have been accused by a reader of sniffing in a superior manner at detective stories and other books. Putting resolutely behind us the temptation to explain flippantly that we *must* sniff in order to ferret out the six best smellers, we rush in all seriousness to our own defense with the statement that to the best of our knowledge we have never sniffed in this column. Our attitude indeed is firmly anti-sniff—principally because we believe that a sniff doesn't carry conviction. If we don't like a book, we try to say exactly why we don't like it. We may say it flippantly, if the book makes us feel that way. But not sniffily. ♣ ♣ ♣ Indeed, as to sniffing at detective, mystery and adventure stories, we feel that we have rather a less sniffy attitude than many reviewers. For there seems to be a somewhat general feeling that even the best stories of this class are somehow not quite literature, that they are not "serious" and therefore are not worthy of serious attention. That some of the classics are nothing more nor less than thrillers is a fact frequently lost sight of. Personally we believe that the best of our modern thrillers stand as good a chance of being alive in 2030 as the best of our "serious" novels. Why not? Dashiell Hammett's *Red Harvest* is a lurid thriller, but it is the most real and vivid picture of gang warfare we have ever read. ♣ ♣ ♣ And here is another book we read only yesterday: W. F. Morris' *The Strange Case of Gunner Rawley*[1]. There is a lack of unity about the book, and certain weaknesses in the plot that weaken its chances, but it is a fine adventure story of the Great War, exciting and thoroughly convincing. It shows the War from a new angle, that of the deserters who lived in cellars and abandoned dugouts in the devastated area back of the lines. Lieut. Rawley, having accidentally killed his superior officer in a fist fight, joins these men, and his subsequent adventures are as thrilling as anything we have read in a long time. ♣ ♣ ♣ The final test of a good thriller is whether or not it really catches you up into the action, makes you abandon the critical attitude in which you say to yourself: "He wouldn't have done that. That couldn't have happened." Roland Pertwee's adventure stories do this a good share of the time. His latest, *Pursuit*[2], is a splendid story, amusing and exciting, also having to do with the War. Harley Trevelyan is loved by a lass, but he loves another. He is hated by his superior officer, Fawlk, who tries several times to do him in. The last attempt, made in cahoots with the lass Harley didn't love, results in his disgrace. He pursues Fawlk to Africa in order to force a confession, and a pretty tense time of it he has before he gets back to civilization. Don't start this one while waiting for dinner unless you want to dine on a cold snack out of the icebox at 10:30. ♣ ♣ ♣ Swift too, and with lots of shooting, is *Gambler's Throw*[3], which tells how Limpy Ashwood, wholesale kidnapper of prominent people, with a hideaway in the Florida keys, is trailed by two standard type heroes and an aged detective in an airplane. The heroes are captured, and the rest of the story has to do with fights, murders, mutinies and battles among Limpy's henchmen and his guests. One of these latter is a lady, a musical comedy star. But don't let that scare you off. The love interest is subordinate to the gunfire.

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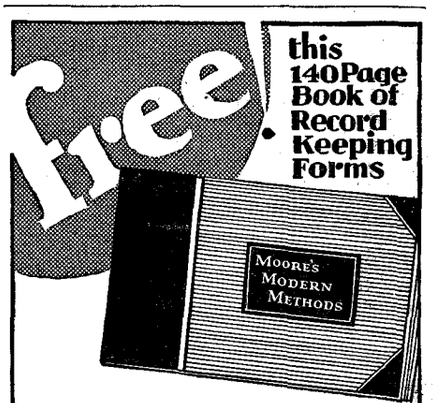

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

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Fiction

Twenty-Four Hours, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. Dextrous but undeceiving imitation of life in a story of New Yorkers. Reviewed September 24.

Angel Pavement, by J. B. Priestley: Harper. "Good old-fashioned tack," ripe, juicy and full-measure. You'll enjoy this English story. Reviewed Sept. 10.

Seed, by Charles G. Norris: Doubleday, Doran. A tract on birth control in fiction form. Reviewed September 24.

Charlie Chan Carries On, by Earl Derr Biggers: Bobbs, Merrill. Murders all around the world, and the engaging Chinaman solving the mystery. Reviewed October 1.

A Note in Music, by Rosamond Lehmann: Holt. A poetic novel of love as a dream in the lives of three women. Reviewed Sept. 10.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

Lone Cowboy, by Will James: Scribner. A stimulating tale of varied adventures in the cow country; particularly noteworthy for its descriptions of horses. Reviewed August 20.

Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. A volume of overwhelming revelation. Reviewed August 27.

Three Titans, by Emil Ludwig: Putnams. Reviewed in this issue.

William Howard Taft, by Herbert S. Duffy: Minton, Balch. A competent biography of the dearly loved "great man." Reviewed September 3.

Magazine Articles Recommended

The American Embassy—August 4, 1914, by E. Bax. Atlantic Monthly, October.

Americans who were traveling abroad in the summer of 1914 will never forget the bewildering days and nights during which they were marooned spectators on the edge of War's volcano. The author of this article, an Englishwoman employed in the American Embassy in London, communicates to her readers the atmosphere of suspense and impending tragedy that affected the staff of Ambassador Walter Hines Page. Their work trebled, besieged by anxious and importunate travelers, and profoundly conscious of the drama which was being enacted, the Secretaries and their assistants drew courage from the calm, clear headed figure of their Chief as he wrote the dispatch to Washington informing the government that a world conflagration had become a fact. The author herself was a party to the final event of the Embassy's long and difficult day. As she passed through the front door shortly after midnight, a messenger shoved into her hand the official notification that England had declared war.

Russia's Challenge to American Business, by John Carter. Scribner's, October.

That Russians in general and the Russian government in particular well nigh worship American industrial and manufacturing methods may be deduced from the fact that more than forty American firms are at present engaged in supplying technical advice and assistance in the reorganization of Russian industry on a mass production basis. This should, by rights, give us a strong position in the Russian market in the next generation. But, by the same token, Russian collectivism "will confront American business with the greatest challenge of its history." Viewed in the light of recent events it is not only possible but probable that a European economic union may be the first result of successful collective economics on the eastern boundary of Europe.

Industrial Problems

As Seen in Recent Books

IT IS refreshing to look at our industrial conditions through the eyes of a candid, intelligent French mechanic, as we may by reading *Robots or Men?* by H. Dubreuil (Harper). M. Dubreuil had not worked at his trade since before the War until he decided to come to America to see for himself "what really is the life of the worker under the new conditions of American industry." He had been since 1920 secretary of the French Federation of Labor. Fortunately for his venture, he had no money to meet the expenses of the trip. So he fell back on the craftsman's ancient tradition of a *tour de France,* and set forth relying on his trade to see him through, after freshening up his skill by several months in a shop and learning English—largely by study on his way to and from his office. With this much of special preparation added to his experience and native qualities, he spent fifteen months traveling around in the United States without any resources except his current earnings, living in workmen's boarding-houses, getting his jobs through the usual channels, working in a great variety of shops and plants, including the Ford plant at River Rouge—where the arbitrary action of a young cashier put him in a position to go back home saying that the richest man in the world owed him $7.20.

M. DUBREUIL is amused to record that the principal English authors he read in preparation for his trip were Ruskin and Morris. Their influence, and his own previous studies and inclinations, had not predisposed him in favor of "American methods" in industry. After his experiences, however, he does not condemn them from the worker's point of view: "I have submitted to their laws and I did not find them so terrible." He "can understand . . . . why we never see American workmen coming to live in our country." Scientific management, he decides, "is an indispensable tool of real socialism," for it alone can put all commodities within reach of everybody and can give men leisure to be artists if they so desire. As for the academic discussion of which he had heard so much at home as to whether or not France should adopt "American methods"—that he thinks is "almost comic," since they "are being introduced all around us by a rapid infiltration, without our philosophers noticing, or, in fact, our industrialists asking, their opinion."

One of the grave problems of modern American industry is singled out for discussion by Professor Edison L. Bowers, of Ohio State University, in *Is It Safe to Work?* (Houghton, Mifflin). "Why," asks Professor Bowers, "must thousands of persons be killed and injured annually in American industry, when reliable authorities agree that seventy-five per cent, or more, of all accidents could be avoided?" His answer is that they mustn't. To this end he would treat the prevention of accidents, workmen's compensation, and vocational rehabilitation "as integral parts of an attempt to have goods and services produced with a minimum of sacrifice on the part of workers." He would grade the insurance premiums paid by employers according to their accident rates, and would base disability benefits on the difference between the original earning power of the worker and what he can earn after rehabilitation.

ANOTHER GRAVE problem inspires the series of investigations which the Department of Industrial Studies of the Russell Sage Foundation is making, under the able direction of Mary van Kleeck, into experiments by various companies in giving wage-earners a voice in management. The latest of these studies to be published is *The Filene Store* by Mary La Dame (Russell Sage Foundation). Filene's big store in Boston was one of the first firms to experiment in this direction. Its quarter century's experience is here reviewed and analyzed with the painstaking care which characterizes the publications for which Miss van Kleeck is responsible.

The settlement of disputes is perhaps the aspect of human relations in industry which has received the most attention. A valuable addition to the books on this subject is *Industrial Arbitration in Great Britain* (Oxford University Press) by Lord Amulree, G.B.E., formerly president of the Industrial Court, and actively engaged before that as an individual arbitrator and conciliator and as a member of various tribunals. His narrative of British efforts to find methods of settling differences "otherwise than by means of a trial of strength" is a delight, not only for the facts of history, which he says he has "endeavoured to record with all due detachment," but even more for the manner of his presentation, and the temper and spirit with which it is informed.

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

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The Theatre

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

ONCE *in a Lifetime* and *Fine and Dandy* are what is known to the trade as a couple of smashes. With only slight fear of contradiction I would say that they are the funniest shows to stray this way in at least three years. They are what the sponsors of the League of New York Theatres, Inc., have perhaps been looking for to test their scheme of regulating scalpers so that you can buy seats at only seventy-nine cents above the box-office price. If the scheme works with these offerings, it's a success, because plenty of people are going to want to see them and we're going to witness a perfectly slick struggle between the Law of Supply and Demand and the League.

Fine and Dandy has Joe Cook, which is all that his legion worshippers need to be told. It also has a lot of really fresh material which has been concocted for him by Donald Ogden Stewart, but which sounds as if it had been thought up by Mr. Cook himself at the time. I mean that as a compliment both to Mr. Stewart and to Mr. Cook's style of delivery. None of the jokes will stand quotation because they are so eminently suited to the star and the completely mad situations in which he is put. But I can assure you that if you prefer your musical comedy humor to make practically no sense you'll regard *Fine and Dandy* as probably the greatest masterpiece since *Paradise Lost*. In addition to Mr. Cook there is some unusually fresh and spontaneous dancing, some lyrics by Paul James which I wish they would be a lot more careful about enunciating, and some eye-filling sets and clothes.

Hollywood and its passing strange inhabitants are the materials from which George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart have made *Once in a Lifetime*, and they have made the most of their stuff. The way in which the vagaries of motion picture production are held up to scorn and ridicule is malicious, spiteful, satirical and everything else it should be. The amazing thing is that it is so mirth-provoking as well. The more absurd the authors make their situations the more true they seem and the louder the audience laughs. The casting, direction, and acting are of a uniformly superlative grade, but even so Hugh O'Connell, Jean Dixon, Charles Halton, and Mr. Kaufman himself contrive to stand out on account of the verity of their characterizations. I just can't think of one thing wrong with *Once in a Lifetime;* go see it yourself—I doubt if you can either.

On the other hand there is practically nothing right about what Laurence Stallings, Al Woods, Rouben Mamoulian, and almost all the cast have done to Ernest Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*. In his notice in the New York *Times*, Mr. J. Brooks Atkinson wrote, "When you adapt a novel for the stage, you can write a good play only by tossing the novel out of the window." That seems to me extremely debatable. My learned colleague may be right in the majority of cases, because usually adapters seem to have a genius for picking out novels conspicuously ill suited to the purposes of the stage. I think *A Farewell to Arms* is one of those. Its two most affecting scenes—a retreat from an Italian battle-front, and the escape of the lovers from Italy and the War by means of an all night ride in a row-boat up Lake Maggiore—are impossible of reproduction in a theatre, but—and this is more important still—Hemingway's effectiveness as a novelist comes largely through his slow but effective building of character and mood. It's not his incidents that matter; it's the frame of mind of his characters. In the case of Mr. Stallings' arrangement, it appeared that he was too concerned in getting too many of the actual events of the novel crowded into the limited time that a theatrical presentation permits. But in fairness to Mr. Stallings it must also be said that except for Elissa Landi as Catherine Barkley and, momentarily, Crane Wilbur as Rinaldi, the actors—under the very flamboyantly Russian direction of Rouben Mamoulian—showed a complete lack of understanding of Ernest Hemingway's point of view.

Anything well done is usually worth seeing, so if you can't get into *Fine and Dandy*, you could do worse than see *Nina Rosa*, the latest Shubert operetta.

Recommended Current Shows

Flying High: Last season's musical success. Bert Lahr at his best.
Garrick Gaieties: Bright and tuneful intimate revue.
Ladies All: For the none too squeamish who want to laugh.
Little Show: Excellent dancing, Marion Harris and Al Trahan.
Strictly Dishonorable: The light comedy in its second year, deservedly.
That's Gratitude: Skilfully disarming comedy by and with Frank Craven.
The Green Pastures: Marc Connelly's Negro miracle play.
The Last Mile: Very affecting drama of a prison break.
Torch Song: Not much of a play, but some good acting.
Up Pops the Devil: Early financial marital troubles most amusingly treated.

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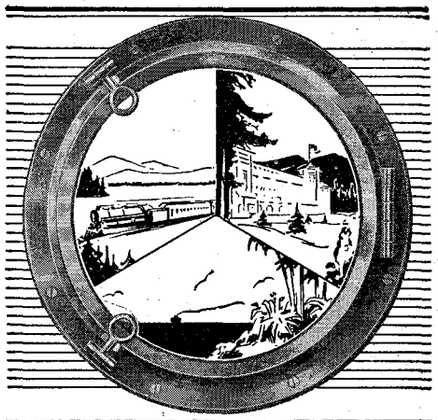

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In This Issue

WILLIAM LOEB, JR. is on the staff of the New York *World* and a frequent contributor to the magazines. Mr. Loeb has recently been attending the sessions of the Institute of Politics at Williamstown.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE is a poet and author and contributes frequently to the magazines. Among his fourteen books are *Days Off in Dixie* and *Heart of the South*.

PHILIP M. BARR is a graduate of Oxford and Princeton Universities and has been teaching science at Harvard and Princeton for the last five years. Mr. Barr is also a writer on music and motion pictures.

Next Week

First Stones on Boulder Dam, by Joseph Lilly.

Draw a circle, the author declares, with Las Vegas as the center, letting the circumference take in such widely separated cities as San Francisco, San Diego, Tucson, El Paso and Denver and you will have an idea of the area that will benefit by the construction of Boulder Dam. No wonder the controversy between the seven states through which the Colorado river runs has been bitter and protracted. Two questions are at issue: the distribution of the water between the states, and the matter of public or private control of the hydro-electric power to be developed. The former has only been partly settled, Mr. Lilly maintains, the latter has been compromised. Construction of the dam at Las Vegas, Nevada, has already begun. Meanwhile the problems remain. Arizona is already preparing to go to the Supreme Court for an injunction against construction of the dam.

The Crusade Starts, by Charles Merz.

At midnight on January 16, 1920, the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act went into effect. On January 30th three members of the Internal Revenue Department engaged in prohibition work were indicted for corruption. By the end of July every one of the abuses which have since become familiar had appeared, and it had become apparent, in spite of Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler's cheery statement that "five millions a year to enforce this law would be ample," that, without the expenditure of enormous sums, real enforcement was impossible. In the third instalment of "The Dry Decade" Mr. Merz gives the record of the first six months of the dry regime and discusses the four major sources of liquor which the government had to dry up.

Adolf Hitler, German Hypnotist, by Harry Lorin Binsse.

As the result of the recent German elections in which the National Socialists won 107 seats in the Reichstag, Adolf Hitler emerges as the man of the hour in Germany. With the current economic depression causing social unrest, Hitler's policy of repudiation of the Versailles treaty and the Young Plan is obviously obtaining converts. Already there is talk of a coup d'état. If business conditions should improve, the author maintains, German Fascism will die automatically. The real significance of National Socialism, however, is that, if Hitler forces the issue, Germany may be driven to communism.

Exploration Pays—Cash, by Earl Hanson.

Exploration, the author declares, is rapidly taking on the aspects of a racket. All the machinery of modern publicity has been called into play with the result that explorers are rapidly becoming showmen. Little or no attention is paid to whatever scientific knowledge is acquired as long as the hero explorer reaches a pole or climbs a mountain. Byrd's flight to the South Pole and Wilkins's proposed trip to the North Pole in a submarine are cases in point. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hanson asserts, Wilkins's expedition is not just a stunt. It is part of a well-conceived plan to establish meteorological stations in the polar regions. Thanks to publicity, however, this is lost sight of and only the impression of a spectacular stunt remains.

The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"The White Hell of Pitz Palu"

THE most outrageous example of crude showmanship and downright bad taste in years is manifested in what might have been a beautiful and exciting picture from the UFA studios of Germany. The film is *The White Hell of Pitz Palu,* which tells in magnificent silent photography of three mountain climbers who all but perish in the ghastly cold of a night in the remote crevices of a great mountain known as Pitz Palu. Having no understanding or appreciation of the eloquent beauties of UFA's silent pictures, Universal has called upon Graham McNamee to point them out to the audience. The inference is that we are imbeciles and will not be able to see what is before our very eyes. So infuriating are Mr. McNamee's platitudinous ramblings that it is almost impossible to follow the picture. He chatters about the brave, brave men who are going out to "save a fellow human in distress"—and when the screen shows a lantern swinging, Mr. McNamee tells you that "on, on, on into the night the lantern swings back and forth, back and forth, back and forth." At another time he says that the lost mountain climbers are facing a "problem which is greater than destiny itself." Mr. McNamee seems to have been educated entirely on greeting cards, wall mottoes, inspirational poetry and other forms of nice Nellie literature. At the most dramatic moments his cheery, unctuous voice intrudes upon the scene, telling you exactly what emotions you should be experiencing. *The White Hell of Pitz Palu* would be a swell film for deaf people.

"The Office Wife"

After all these years of playing distinguished old roués, kindly fathers, deceived elderly husbands, and genial old bachelors, Lewis Stone at last comes out as love's young dream—and this without in any way changing his character.

For this reason, *The Office Wife* is a decided departure from the regular movie routine. Dorothy Mackaill is the stenographer with the lovely knees and Lewis Stone the millionaire—and married—boss. There is also an honest young newspaperman with a new Ford and a raise in pay—but contrary to all precedent, the steno casts off the poor young man and marries the boss, who is twice her age—his wife having conveniently decided on a divorce at this time. For all its cheapness and superficiality, *The Office Wife* deals with a phase of American life which actually does seem to warrant some consideration—and it will undoubtedly find a tremendous public. Miss Mackaill gives a much better performance than the part deserves.

"Young Woodley"

The British have made a pleasant and literate, if not too exciting talkie of John Van Druten's play, *Young Woodley,* which attained some success in this country a couple of years ago. It is admirably produced and well acted, although it is still pretty much of a stage play. You may remember that the characters are a pompous and self-important headmaster in an English public school, his handsome and bored young wife, and a student who has reached the stage of being a great deal worried over the question of sex vs. love. Very weary of her dull husband, the headmaster's wife asks the boy to tea and, with a little encouragement, he tells her he loves her—and kisses her just as the headmaster enters. For this he is expelled. *Young Woodley* is a pleasant account of English "public school" life—and somehow it attains the mellowness and quiet of the English countryside better than the play did.

Worth Seeing

Abraham Lincoln: D. W. Griffith's episodic life of Lincoln with a fine performance by Walter Huston.
Africa Speaks: Extraordinary travel film with not very convincing sounds. The pictures of lions, locusts and flamingos are quite unusual.
All Quiet on the Western Front: An honest and devastating war story. The best film of the year.
Animal Crackers: The four delirious Marx Brothers causing wild laughter.
Hell's Angels: Exciting aerial photography and a sappy story acted by hams.
The Big House: Gunplay in a penitentiary with Wallace Beery as the bad man. Forbidden in Ohio by censors.
Monte Carlo: A charming light comedy directed by Ernst Lubitsch.
Old English: George Arliss as an old British merchant prince.
Outward Bound: Sutton Vane's play about life after death with a fine cast headed by Leslie Howard.
Romance: Greta Garbo's second talkie—a fine performance in a wheezy old play.

Another New Film

Her Wedding Night: Clara Bow's latest in which Charlie Ruggles is quite amusing. The play is an ancient Avery Hopwood farce with lots of bedroom-door slamming.

UFA's English Talkie

The first English-speaking talkie from Germany is called *Melody of the Heart,* and, for all its sentiment, I found it very pleasant indeed. Its love story seems genuine and Dito Parlo, the little house-maid heroine, is lovely.

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Erich Kleiber

By PITTS SANBORN

IN A world of infant prodigies and their hereafters, Erich Kleiber, the new conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, is remarkable for his late start as well as for his speedy rise. On the paternal side he comes from a line of schoolmasters. His father taught Latin and Greek in a gymnasium at Vienna, where Erich was born on August 5, 1890. Expecting to follow in his father's footsteps, Erich at eighteen was able not only to read and write Latin and Greek, but likewise to speak them. Upon leaving the gymnasium he enrolled at the University of Prague as a student in philosophy. Although he was now nineteen, his actual studies in music had been limited to a few violin lessons from an uncle. Nevertheless, he made up his mind to take up music "on the side" and audaciously applied for a scholarship at the Prague Conservatory, which he obtained on the strength of a childhood composition that has been lost—unfortunately, inasmuch as it would furnish a clue to his young untutored talent.

Chance gave him as room-mate a clarinetist at the German Opera. One day this young man invited Kleiber to hear a rehearsal of *Das Rheingold*. It proved to be the turning point. He began to dream of conducting an orchestra himself and consequently became a frequent attendant at rehearsals. His persistence resulted in an encounter with the manager, who frowned on listening in by strangers. But Kleiber was not easily to be dislodged. When a man stepped up to him one day and ordered him out, Kleiber rudely pushed the fellow away and told him to keep quiet as he was listening to the music. Oddly, perhaps, the manager was not altogether displeased, and when Kleiber, having learned who the fellow was, boldly asked him for a job of some sort, even though without pay, in order that he might learn, the manager put him to work as solo-répétiteur. He did so well that after a few weeks he was awarded a salary of fourteen kronen a month!

The essential step in advance followed in 1912 when Kleiber was made third assistant conductor at the Darmstadt Hoftheater. There he directed his first performance, the work being Offenbach's *La Belle Hélène*. He continued with the operetta repertory until in 1916 his big opportunity arrived. Since the first and second assistants both happened to be ill, it devolved upon him to conduct the dress rehearsal of *Der Rosenkavalier*, which he did, reading the score at sight. His success brought him promotion to the position of first assistant. *Der Rosenkavalier*, which he calls his "destiny opera," has remained a special favorite with him.

Nevertheless, Kleiber speaks of the "three F's" in his life, which happen to designate the operas that he likes best of all—*Fidelio*, *Freischütz*, and *Figaro*. In 1919 he was invited to conduct on trial at Barmen-Elberfeld. The opera was *Der Freischütz* and as a result of the performance he was engaged there as first conductor. In 1922 he was engaged as director of the Dusseldorf Opera, making his début with *Fidelio*. Barmen-Elberfeld, however, retained him as concert director, obliging him to commute between Dusseldorf and the hyphenated cities, where in this same year he conducted his first symphony concert. Toward the end of that season Mannheim in its turn asked him over to lead on trial. Now *Figaro's Wedding* was the opera and his achievement with it won him the appointment of the double duties of director of the Opera and conductor of the famous Academy Concerts.

Wide World

MR. AND MRS. ERICH KLEIBER

In 1924 a telegram abruptly summoned him to Berlin for a trial bout with an opera in that pre-eminent city. The morning after a triumphant *Fidelio* he was nominated General Music Director of the Berlin State Opera. Thus, a mere fifteen years after the determining *Rheingold* rehearsal, Erich Kleiber found himself the operatic arbiter of the capital of the Reich.

Meanwhile as "guest" he has conducted the Vienna Philharmonic on two tours of Germany, besides doing three spring seasons at the Colon in Buenos Aires and leading at Paris, Rome, Leningrad, Budapest, Prague, Bucharest, Copenhagen, Barcelona, etc. In Buenos Aires, during the Beethoven centenary, he led the nine symphonies and the *Missa Solemnis*.

Kleiber's musical sympathies are wide. He has proved his devotion to Bach by directing the Berlin *première* of *The Art of Fugue*, besides the *St. Matthew* and the *St. John* Passions. But he admits that Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber are his "musical gods."

In spite of his love for the older composers, Kleiber has labored steadfastly in the interest of the ultramoderns. He introduced Stravinsky's *Nightingale* to Mannheim and a year or two ago he revived Schönberg's *Pelléas et Mélisande* at a concert in Berlin. He is a close personal friend of both Schönberg and Alban Berg. Of the latter's *Wozzek* he conducted the "world première," predicting for it in his enthusiasm an unending future. Other ultramodern "world premières" that he has directed have included those of Krenek's first opera, *Zwingburg;* of Kurt Weill's first opera, *Royal Palace*, and of the recent Claudel-Milhaud opus, *Christopher Columbus*.

The famous Berlin critic Adolf Weissmann has described Kleiber in words that often have been quoted: "A highly intellectual brow, strong chin and nose, fascinating silhouette, eyes that flash behind his glasses." His friends dwell on his "magnetic personality," his "brilliant wit," his "constant good humor," his "irresistible charm." He is so busy with his work that in the intervals between his visits to opera house or concert hall he lives quite to himself in a small house in the suburbs of Berlin with his wife (Ruth Goodrich of California) and his two young children. In this jazz age he doesn't dance and he doesn't smoke and he is extremely temperate in his meats and drinks. His favorite tipple is milk and he indulges in stronger beverages only in the gracious interest of an occasional hospitality. His one sport is riding horseback and his sole other hobby photography. His scores he learns simply by reading them. It is a fact that until last year he never had had a piano in his house, and now that he possesses one he regards it chiefly as an ornament, touching it only to play "Ach, du lieber Augustin!" to the delight of Veronica, his daughter, aged two.

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▶▶ From the Life ◀◀

By IBBY HALL

▶▶Free

HE HAD been in prison for ten years. Then one day the guard stopped in front of his cell. "Message for you," said the guard and handed him a piece of paper.

The prisoner took the piece of paper and held it between his thumb and forefinger. He stared at it for a long moment, then drew it slowly, back and forth, back and forth, through the fingers of his other hand. He knew what it was about all right.

"Well, read it!" said the guard.

The prisoner stared fixedly at the guard. With an abrupt flick of his wrist he tossed the message behind him on the bed. "Mebbe," he answered.

The guard shrugged his shoulders and hunched himself down the corridor.

The prisoner turned back into his cell and with one aggressive look behind him picked up the piece of paper. He knew what it was about all right. It was about her funeral.

Well, what were they telling him to do this time? No use thinking anything till he found that out. No matter what he'd ever thought or planned to do, something else had told him different. He looked at the unfolded paper and saw that it was upside down. He righted it and found the light was bad. So he edged over to the iron door and let the barred light from the corridor fall upon the typed words. He read it quickly in one glance. Then slowly. Then, as if from habit, he counted the words. He had got into a way, lately, of counting.

After he had counted the words he dropped the message on the floor again, and sat down on his cot. Free. For one day, they were telling him, he was going to be free. To attend his wife's funeral. That was pretty lucky for a fellow that was up for life. One day. If it was him that had died first. Well then. He'd have missed it. He was lucky. One day!

He lay awake at night staring at the three walls, at the bars, marking the narrow space to which he had become accustomed. Stone and iron. Instead of melting under cover of darkness into shadows, they pressed closer, holding him; squeezing him. Like a coffin. He struck the wall beside him with his fist. "Tomorrow," he told himself fiercely.

Tomorrow; and he stepped out into the corridor between two guards. "Hold tight there," said one of them, and "Okay," replied the other, and, it was done. The steel links of handcuffs pressed coldly on his right wrist, pulled stiffly at his left. As he walked down the corridor, presented himself in the warden's office, climbed into the car, six legs moved back and forth beneath his eyes. Sitting in the car, three sets of knees. His hands, nailed closely to those others, dropped at his side. He turned his head and saw the faces of his keepers. He looked front, and saw the back of the driver's neck. They were headed for New York.

Cautiously, uneasily, the prisoner became aware of a strange feeling; was warned somewhere of a coming struggle, a painfulness in his mind. The walls that had pressed harder than ever in ten years, the handcuffs, unbearable at his wrists, the hot closeness of these human beings, moved slowly into this new trouble. He was beginning to remember. The city, slipping gradually into his mind, rising again before his eyes, reminded him of something.

Funny, he told himself. That was funny. Him finding himself like this—nim, that had started out in life all lit up over freedom. Sailing for this country when he was a kid all excited, coming to this city, looking up at the great buildings, thinking it was a free country—and him in it! Free.

There was a sudden hotness in his throat, a burning in his eyes. He shook his head as though his thoughts were rats, and glared angrily at his guards. But they were staring straight ahead, looking at nothing, noticing nothing.

The car turned unexpectedly into a quiet block and stopped before a doorway where the brown paint was peeling off. He noticed that the paint was peeling off, and that some flowers were hanging to one side nailed through a limp and purple ribbon. He stumbled dazedly upon the pavement.

Into a darkened hallway, past a cluster of whispering people who started forward and then shrank back, his guards were turning him now into a quiet room. Were walking him up to a long black box.

The struggle suddenly had him by the throat. O God, he thought, why had he ever come? O God, they couldn't have made him come.

Between his guards he stood and stared at her. Free of him now. Well! let them look at him—let them watch him. He would not remember; this day—or that other—or that early one—

And desperately like a man destroyed by solitude, he began to count.

Miniature West Points

(Continued from Page 213)

Americans. Their scholarship notably declined. One complained to me—"I want an education; I don't want to be a soldier." I could observe no change for the better in their character.

Many a good soldier is likewise an eminent scholar, despite his training; but the camp is no rendezvous for the Muses, and the sensitive and reflective nature (like that of Poe and that of Lanier) has no business in the ranks.

Despite the teachings of Christ; despite civilization's proud advance, we are still mediaeval, if not barbarous in our weakness for the military. We love to don the trappings of the ogre. Women love to see men so caparisoned. As these are fundamental romantic feelings, I have no quarrel with them. They are not entirely ludicrous, and they are permanent. But why, if we want our sons *educated,* should we send them to military academies? Some of these places have, indeed, good teachers; but they never have the first chance at their scholars. As Remarque pungently says, "A brass button is considered worth more than all the philosophies from Plato to Goethe."

The summer training camps, the R.O.T.C. units in the colleges, and other similar activities do not greatly damage the land. But when warfare and education are made comrades, we are getting ready, not for a Greater War, but for the Last War.

The God of War Enlists

(Continued from Page 211)

reached the same conclusion. The War played a part. That much is certain. How large a part, wets and drys will continue to debate as long as the question interests them.

Meantime, the importance of one influence wholly remote from the War ought not to be lost sight of. Whatever immediately effective political power was exercised in this controversy was exercised by the drys. From first to last the case for ratification of the Amendment was presented in the state capitals by men who could claim to speak for millions of organized voters, whereas the case against ratification was presented for the most part by individual objectors who represented only the force of their own convictions, eloquently expressed, but less persuasive to the average member of a legislature than a visible bloc of a thousand, five thousand or ten thousand votes.

Nothing of this sort could be offered by the opponents of ratification, now

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that the brewers were laid low and the burden of opposition rested on outsiders. For even after the end of the War and a revival of public interest in domestic questions, there was no leadership capable of uniting an unorganized opposition overnight into a movement formidable enough to interest a state legislature. Down to the end of the story this opposition remained scattered, ineffective and perpetually out of breath.

Some opposition, it is true, developed on the part of union labor. At its Atlantic City Convention in June, 1919, the American Federation of Labor had denounced the Amendment[18] and in New York the Central Federated Union urged its affiliated branches to poll their members on the question of a strike, with the slogan of "No Beer, No Work[19]." This slogan spread to other states and for a time the movement in favor of direct action by organized labor assumed formidable proportions.

In the end it petered out. No strike took place. Organized labor did its work and got its beer, but not from the hands of Congress.

THIS was the last gesture. The fight was over, not in the sense that the wet cities of the country accepted the new law as binding upon their future conduct, for there is nothing in the record to suggest this compliance on their part, but in the sense that the last ineffective effort to alter the decision of the legislatures now collapsed. From this point forward, the opponents of prohibition put what faith remained to them not in the legislatures but the courts. Once more they were doomed to disappointment.

Meantime, for the friends of prohibition there remained only the task of consolidating their gains by the enactment of a law for the enforcement of the new Amendment so speedily written into the Constitution. It was a task which found them well prepared. On the same day that Nebraska had become the thirty-sixth state to ratify the Amendment, the Anti-Saloon League announced that it had already completed tentative plans for an enforcement measure[20].

This measure was introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Volstead of Minnesota on May 27, 1919, carrying provisions for the enforcement of both "wartime" prohibition, now about to become operative on July 1, at the beginning of the seventh month of peace, and of constitutional prohibition, as established by the Eighteenth Amendment.

18. *New York Times*, June 12, 1919.
19. *New York Times*, February 12, 1919.
20. *New York Times*, January 17, 1919.

A minority of the Committee on the Judiciary in the House denounced this measure, demanded the repeal of the "wartime" law on the ground that the War was long since over and insisted that the provisions for constitutional prohibition were too harsh and unreasonable ever to be effectively enforced[21]. This protest went unheeded. The drys were in command. There was no challenging their power.

So foregone was the conclusion that the bill would be adopted precisely in the form in which the Anti-Saloon League wished it to be adopted that during most of the debate only a few members of the House took any part in the discussion on the floor. Certain amendments were actually adopted or rejected by votes as small as 26 to 14, 48 to 4 and 41 to 6[22], with a handful of drys in command of the situation and a few wets on the mourners' bench. On the final question of adoption the House turned out for the sake of the record and by a vote of 287 to 100, approximately the same vote as the vote on the Amendment, approved the bill and sent it to the Senate.

There one interesting change was made in it: the insertion of a provision guaranteeing the farmer's unquestioned right to possession of sweet cider which would later turn to hard[23]; but for the rest, no significant change was made in the bill; the Senate's debate was listless; and after two days of almost casual discussion, during which the hope of the wets sank to a vanishing point, the Volstead bill was adopted by the Senate without even the formality of a roll-call vote[24].

For one brief moment the hope of the wets flared into flame again. This was on October 27th, when President Wilson suddenly returned the bill with his veto, to the astonishment of the Anti-Saloon League and of Congress[25]. The stated ground for this veto was the fact that Congress had lumped "wartime" prohibition with constitutional prohibition, that the emergency of the War had long since passed and that this section of the law should be repealed. To this comment the President added, speaking more generally: "In all matters having to do with the personal habits and customs of large numbers of our people, we must be certain that the established processes of legal change are followed. In no other way can the salutary object sought to be accomplished by great reforms of this character be made substantial and permanent."

Whether this comment implied disapproval by Mr. Wilson of that section of the bill dealing with constitutional prohibition as well as "wartime" prohibition has subsequently become the subject of lively disagreement. It is an interesting but academic point. For within two hours of the time when the President sent his veto message to Congress, the House overrode his veto by a vote of 176 to 55 and on the next day the Senate followed suit.

It was the end of the road. An experiment to be described a decade later by another President as noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose was now about to start.

(To be continued)

21. *New York Times*, July 8, 1919.
22. *Congressional Record*, 66th Congress, 1st Session, pp. 2968, 2964, 2966.
23. *New York Times*, September 5, 1919.
24. *Congressional Record*, 66th Congress, 1st Session, p. 4908.
25. *New York Times*, October 28, 1919.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of October 4, 1950

The charter of the Tennessee Polytechnic Institute, whose cornerstone was laid last week, strictly forbids the teaching of Newton's law of gravitation.

According to a current rumor, United States Dispensary whisky advertising will be accepted after November 1, 1950, by the *Saturday Evening Post*

Dr. F. S. McGrome, National Superintendent of the Anti-Cold-in-the-Head League, declared, in a statement last Monday, that "the only practical method of eliminating the common cold is by an amendment to the Constitution of the United States."

Summer Sewing Circle

(Continued from Page 207)

tunity for free expression, but even this is not enough of an assurance that the discussion will be truly informative. If both sides are composed of propagandists, a mere fruitless bantering of falsehoods will take place. So in addition to being impartial, the Institute must choose speakers whose preference for one side of a question is an intellectual preference open to change, not the result of an emotional conviction which no amount of logic can influence.

Typical of the present state of the Institute is the additional fact that Chairman Garfield journeyed to Washington last spring to consult President Hoover as to what topics the President wanted stressed at the recent session. Certainly Mr. Hoover would be as good a person as any to act as adviser in such a

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capacity were he not the President of the United States. But since he is at present the head of a political party and political administration, this is equivalent to asking how the Institute can further the interests of the administration.

Quite aside from all other faults of the Institute, is the type of person attracted to membership. This is what was so aptly characterized by the late Theodore Roosevelt as "the lunatic fringe." It is such as to preclude any significant discussion from taking place when the floor is thrown open to the members of the Institute. It is impossible to describe in detail the numerous types of unsuitable people who attend, but characterizing them briefly one may say that Williamstown has supplanted all other summer resorts in the United States as an ideal spot for the would-be intelligentsia to convene in. The word "international" invokes in the breasts of certain varieties of individual a great emotional response. They seem to see in that word a sort of fairy picture of beribboned and bestarred ambassadors, secret diplomacy and all the romance and picturesqueness that once existed in the relations of nation with nation. These people crowd to Williamstown to satiate their emotions, not their minds.

Of course there are also serious, earnest people. However, many of these are no better, since nature has unfortunately not fitted them for the discussion of very difficult questions. All this makes the task of the roundtable leaders and lecturers the more difficult. It leads to the scaling down of all matters under discussion to the level of intelligence exhibited by the attendance. Naturally this difficulty with the personnel has its immediate reaction on the speaker problem for it is difficult to obtain able and brilliant men who will stand a month's intimate contact with foggy and untrained intellects. Several distinguished speakers have, after the session at which they spoke, voiced the mental agony which they suffered.

It is easy to understand why, once the Institute officials opened the doors, so many of these people flocked to Williamstown. We have already described the ideal location and scenic advantages of Williamstown in August. There is an excellent golf course, the college tennis courts are free, the rustic countryside provides ambles for old ladies and their male counterparts. A large, not too exclusive, summer colony of the same mental makeup as the members of the Institute affords a fine opportunity for very congenial social relaxation.

The remedy is not very difficult to find. If the Institute officials actually followed their avowed principle of admitting to membership in the Institute only those fit to contribute, about two-thirds of the present attendance would be eliminated. Undoubtedly the membership the first year after this reform, would be small, but that small nucleus would discover how much the situation had improved and the news would soon spread, with the result that a worthwhile and suitable attendance would soon be built up. At present there is each August a smattering of very able people who attend but these people rarely come back nor do their friends attend next year. Once is enough. As clear as the summer skies over Williamstown, so clear is it that until those dear old ladies who knit as they listen to the speakers, until the old gentlemen who sit in the sunny corners by the window and nod, until the slightly middle aged ladies in search of intellectual alliances are eliminated from the membership rôle, the Institute will never be worth much serious attention.

The Institute of Politics has gone its way unchecked for some time. The men that now aid Mr. Baruch in supplying the sixty thousand dollars or more a year needed to maintain it are either too busy to look carefully into the situation or believe in a hands-off policy when they donate money to an organization. The press has been in part inclined to disregard it more and more. Other papers, pleased to see any institution dedicated to such an excellent cause, have supported it unaware of the fact that the ideal is very poorly executed in practice. The once significant and important Institute of Politics has become in reality a pleasant summering place for people looking for a good vacation and a smattering of the international patter.

The situation could be remedied if the officers of the Institute would only exert themselves. To conduct meetings and conferences impartially is an elementary part of running any deliberative body. To exclude propagandists requires no second Diogenes. And finally, as noted above, the improvement of the membership is purely an administrative problem of the simplest sort.

The present condition of the Institute would evoke nothing but mirth and would be worth only a few pokes *a la* Mencken were it not for the peculiar need of such an organization as the Institute of Politics purports to be. Many observers think that the world is not many years distant from another war, a war from which civilization will emerge, if at all, horribly crippled. To avert such a catastrophe we must have a strong and active interest in international relations. The ordinary business man, the man in the street, must realize the necessity of understanding the other countries' points of view. As long as international affairs remains an old ladies' game and the preoccupation of the "lunatic fringe"—in which the man of affairs has no more interest than he has in a Sunday school picnic—we can hope for no sane mutual understanding by the people of one nation of the problems of the people of another nation.

New Worlds to Conquer

(Continued from Page 224)

irradiate this mist with a splendid glow, striking to behold and conducive to greater visibility. Sunsets ought to be magnificent—brilliantly coloured and long drawn out, moreover, owing to the slower rotation of Venus. The long Venusian "day" (estimated by some as over three times our own) would be one of our many discomforts; not only would the days be so much hotter, but the nights actually colder than on the earth.

Conditions will not favor star-gazing; for that we should go to Mars. Here is a thin, clear atmosphere and little or no clouds. Mars has already been discussed by Mr. Kaempffert, but he did not mention all its fascinations. You can jump twice as high, for instance. And at night you would see *two moons*, crossing the sky in opposite directions. Delirium tremens offers no more splendid vision.

This is because the nearer of the moons, Phobos, goes round Mars in actually less time than Mars takes to turn on its own axis, so of course it seems to rise in the West and set in the East. Its "month" is less than a "day." As a consequence of this, it changes its phase in the course of a night. At sunset, let us suppose, it is at first quarter; then you will see it pass through full and the last quarter—all before sunrise. (Poachers on Mars are said to tell the time with great accuracy by the phases of Phobos).

The other moon, Deimos, has a much longer month; astrology among the Martians must be very complex.

Our own earth will be visible as a very bright star, close to the sun, as Venus appears to us here; the earth, in fact, is the morning and evening star of the Martians. One pictures the bold explorers watching their first sunset on Mars—the bleak, red, earthy Martian landscape all about them, more dreary than ever in the twilight that preludes the long, frozen Martian night—and gazing at the evening star with who

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knows what feelings of homesickness.

Before all these things come to pass, there is much to be done.

Rockets that travel through space will certainly be seen in our time, but how soon will an expedition land on a planet? Perhaps this event will be led up to gradually; we may begin, like the Mongolfier brothers, by sending up animals or, better still, an automatically controlled rocket-car set to go round the moon and take photographs and come back again and fall in the Pacific. Or, more probably, there will be no such preliminaries. A rocket-car will be made, barely powerful enough to leave the earth, and straightway a band of daredevils will volunteer to go up in it. Like the Three Wise Men of Gotham, they will probably never be seen again. Their rockets may suddenly refuse to work, and they will smash like an egg on the surface of the moon or be shot off into space in a hyperbolic curve, returning (if they are lucky enough to get their rockets started again) years later, with long beards, telling tales to the readers of the New York *Times* of their experiences as a comet. But others will follow, daring all as they have in the past, until inter-planetary navigation begins in earnest, and we may consider actually landing on Venus and Mars. Whether we shall then survive the rigors of temperature only to be destroyed by storms, by poisonous gases or by strange beasts—or whether we shall find in these distant, mysterious worlds a new home, who can say?

Tilden: the Linesman's Pal

(Continued from Page 226)

should have the privilege of undivided attention," argued Tilden. Bill was actually solicitous for his friend Frank Hunter—anxious that the latter's concentration be not diverted by the hubbub incidental to a neighboring match. A spineless tournament committee, fearing Jove's wrath, voted to humor Tilden, but chairman Hawks, realizing that the schedule could not be completed before darkness, overruled his colleagues.

"How long will it take you to dress?" he asked Tilden.

"Twenty minutes," replied Bill.

"Very well," snapped Hawks, "your match will go on in half an hour. If you aren't ready to play, you will be defaulted."

Tilden played.

There has been speculation as to how Tilden can serve tennis when his playing days are done. I suggest that he be drafted as a linesman and stationed permanently in the stadium during championship week. I further suggest that each competitor be entitled to three point-blank glares at Father William. That, as the Mikado liked to say, "would make the punishment fit the crime."

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With Our Readers

Southern Slips

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Brooklyn*

SIR—Your magazine has been for a great many years one of my delights. It continues so, but in quite a different vein.

Under the editorship of Dr. Lyman Abbott it stimulated my thought and cultivated my ideals. Now it amazes my intelligence by its editorial lack of logic and common sense, and would shatter what few ideals yet remain to your readers were they not able to tenaciously cling to their sense of humor.

"North Carolina Slips"—horribly so in the distressing lynching of the negro in Edgecomb County. No one in our nation deplores a lynching more than does a native southerner, and myself most of all for in this case its effects have even reached to your editor of the "Trend of Events," and disrupted his mental cogitation to such a depressing extent as to upset all reason. Under the judgment heading, "Also; Gastonia," his addled state causes him to reverse his opinion upon the theme of *due process of law*. In the former editorial he deserves a "Hear, hear" and a "Bravo" or two also, condemning as he does this failure of the North Carolinians to adhere to that normal Anglo-Saxon virtue. Yet in the next breath he condemns them for strictly conforming to the said virtue.

One would be led to think that the escaping criminals had proved their innocence and added virtue to their murder by increasing their violations of our laws.

Indeed southern "slips" do cause northern brainstorms. But so long as we retain our sense of humor over such northern slips we shall continue to read the Outlook and be amused.

REV. WILLIAM S. BLACKSHEAR.

Power of the Press

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York*

SIR—I enjoyed reading your sketch about O. O. McIntyre, but since reading that I have not enjoyed reading O. O. McIntyre's column. I didn't think he was that kind of a man.

HENRY LIGON.

Tough Hombres

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Los Angeles*

SIR—In your issue of August 13, I notice that Mr. Louis Adamic tells about Los Angeles, why it is, and how it got that way. We are quite accustomed to being written up. Writers descend upon us in flocks, and each one seems to feel the urge to give his views about us. We read their efforts, wonder what the Devil they are writing about, and let it go at that.

But Mr. Adamic uncovers the nefarious schemes that made us what we are today, and gives forth the real, inside dope. He admits it himself. True, quite a few of us, even though too excited to know much about our town, are aware that in the past Los Angeles has had its lurid moments, and there may be those who object to being reminded thereof. Most of us, though, are rather proud that this was once a Hell-roarin' town. It gives us something to struggle up from.

It seems, however, that there are amongst us descendants of those rough, bad men of the past, who have been practicing go-getter methods of which we should be ashamed. Horrors! They turned the water supply into the sewer during the campaign for the aqueduct bonds "and all the lawns turned brown and all the flowers died."

Although I remember that campaign very well, I missed seeing the lawns and flowers join the drys in such an unceremonious manner. Perhaps I lived too near the sewer. Still the rascally descendants of the former tough hombres should have something done to them for such a trick, on general principles, whether they did it or not, and also for so diverting the waters of the Owens river that they serve a million and more people instead of a few hundred.

It's just too bad they didn't go in for union control after a dozen men had been murdered at the instigation of a union leader. At that the author's tale of the sad status of the union man who ventures here is, shall we say, a trifle exaggerated? If he will stroll over to Maple Avenue he will see a large and quite prosperous union labor temple. But they don't run the town. How could they, with such an unscrupulous bunch of descendants of hard boiled forefathers in the saddle? True, these dictators don't advertise for people without money—they don't have to. The old Model T's roll in without effort on their part. Perhaps Mr. Adamic will give us a list of cities that are sending out hurry calls to the indigent.

He seems to hold it against us that the town is such a cross section of the United States, particularly of the middle west, and his sympathies evidently go out to the "folks" who have fallen into the clutches of our scheming overlords. Yet the deluded creatures seem to enjoy their funny little bungalows, their state picnics, and their various sects, native or imported.

All said and done, however, the unworthy descendants of the former unholy residents should be brought to book. I feel that Mr. Adamic's article will accomplish much. It will give them an awful jolt on the funnybone.

GEORGE W. PENFIELD.

Criticizing the Administration

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Detroit*

SIR—With many others who have written to you I want to put in my protest regarding your attitude on the Hoover administration. It is not only in your "Looking Forward" that you seem to attack the Administration, but all through your magazine on almost any page that one may turn to, and in several articles in any single issue you will find attacks on Mr. Hoover.

In your news, for instance, from your Washington correspondent, who only signs his initials (I am wondering why he doesn't give us his full name), I am sure many have wondered just who he is. Perhaps I am stupid, but I should just like to know as a matter of information. It is a very strange thing how this correspondent seems to be the final authority on anything that seems to take place in Washington.

I think I can safely say that in his weekly information from Washington, I doubt if he has complimented the Administration of President Hoover during the last four months with one single exception. Your readers like information, but unless I am very much mistaken they get rather weary of your continued bombastic, censorius criticism. I suppose rather soon now you will be even blaming the President for the drought, and of course the "hard times" that we are passing through should fall entirely on Mr. Hoover's shoulders.

Second: I want to compliment you on your editorial in a current issue of the Outlook "The Church and Birth Control." That the Lambeth Conference took the stand it did on that question is certainly a hopeful sign. It falls to my lot to deal with scores of young men and women; that has been my special work for many years. From my experience with them I'm convinced that our present generation of youth have already settled this question for themselves.

While most of us do not expect the Church to act hastily in a matter of this kind, I do think that at least we should keep up with our youth in their decisions and if possible lead them forward into newer light.

DR. C. E. MIERAS.

Give the Commission a Chance

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Somerset, Pa.*

SIR—I was especially well pleased with two articles in your issue of September 17; the one by Robert Cruise McManus on George W. Wickersham and his commission, the other by Archibald Rutledge, "Corralling a Comet."

The reputation of Mr. Wickersham and the members of his commission stands high. The work entrusted to them is a large and difficult one, and to perform it thoroughly requires much time and labor and earnest thought. Why not let them alone to perform their duties in their own way? Why this constant nagging by the drys and wets and the politicians? Let them finish their job, and then let it be criticised favorably or unfavorably as it may deserve.

What falls within the province of this commission I do not know, but I hope it will give us a clear and thorough review of proper court proceedings, the true nature of law, the difference between constitutional law and statutory law, and the difference between crime in itself and law-made crime. These matters it seems to me enter into the subject of law-enforcement. Lawmakers as well as courts of law need wisdom. Mr. Wickersham and his co-workers are men of ability, knowledge, convictions and the courage of their convictions. Let us await their finding.

Mr. Rutledge's article is an analysis and criticism of the intelligence test. I trust the discussion of this fact in our schools will be continued. It seems to me to be a [illegible] perpetrated upon the boys and girls of our [illegible]ary.

A. E. TRUXAL.

Coals to Newcastle

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Vergennes, Vt.*

SIR—I have just read Edward L. Clark's criticism of the Auerbach Plan. Mr. Clark points out that in a mixture of wet and dry states it would prove practically impossible to prevent citizens of dry states crossing state boundaries and procuring liquor.

I think his point is well taken. But I would like to ask Mr. Clark this question: Why should they go to all that trouble when they can get all they want at home?

A short time ago a prominent lady of Vergennes was giving me this same argument: viz, that a wet New York state would mean that residents of Vergennes could go right over into New York state (a mere thirty mile drive) and get all they wanted. She seemed to think that would be a terrible state of affairs. Yet the very next day my wife overheard her telling her mother that there were at least six places in Vergennes where it was common knowledge liquor could be bought. This fact seemed to bother her very little.

I note Mr. Clark's inebriate employee lasted seventeen years. We will believe him when he says this was before prohibition. They reach the delirium tremens stage a lot sooner than that with what they have to drink today.

WOODBURN HARRIS.

Vox Populi

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Seattle*

SIR—For some months I have been an interested and I think appreciative reader of almost every word that appears in the columns of your magazine. Especially the "vox populi." I say especially because no matter how much wit, or fine style, or information, one finds in the regular contributions, there is always an added "kick" and a different one in this amusing forum. One chuckles over dry, sophisticated, witty, appreciation of your orneryness; one smiles at thankful acknowledgment of the discovery that the Outlook's opinions are those of the writer; one laughs aloud at the Victorian indignant clamor from those not so appreciative. More fun. The editor must get a rare laugh out of arranging the "With Our Readers" page.

Myself—I am a prohibitionist. I disagree—but not violently—with you on that issue. But then I am a conformist anyway. Dry, Republican and Episcopalian (bigoted). Moreover while in college I used to thrill over Mencken & Co. Need more be said? A conformist, yes. But not to the point, I hope, where I'd lose my wits entirely. The "wet" articles and editorials are good. One doesn't have to agree with what one reads to be stimulated by it and interested in it. On the contrary, most people are the happiest when disagreeing, especially on a matter of principle. Keep up the "wet" propaganda and I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts that your subscriptions will increase among the "drys"! But no matter what you do, don't ever, ever do away with stage and movie criticisms and the absolutely indispensable "With Our Readers."

WINIFRED BUNGE.

Dull, Dry and Dirty

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Kinderhook, N. Y.*

SIR—I happened to see this week's Dirty Outlook and Independent and note that my old friend Dr., not Mr., Dewey was among your readers. I have just written him saying the pages devoted to "With Our Readers" and classified section advertisements were the leading features of your dull periodical.

I see that October 1st you want your limited number of readers to look forward to a genuine treat, *The Dry Decade*. After October 1st I will have to call your "What Is It?" the Dull and Dry Outlook and Independent.

Hoping that this new sample of "Rustic Humor" may appear "With Our Readers,"

E. B. TOEDT.

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